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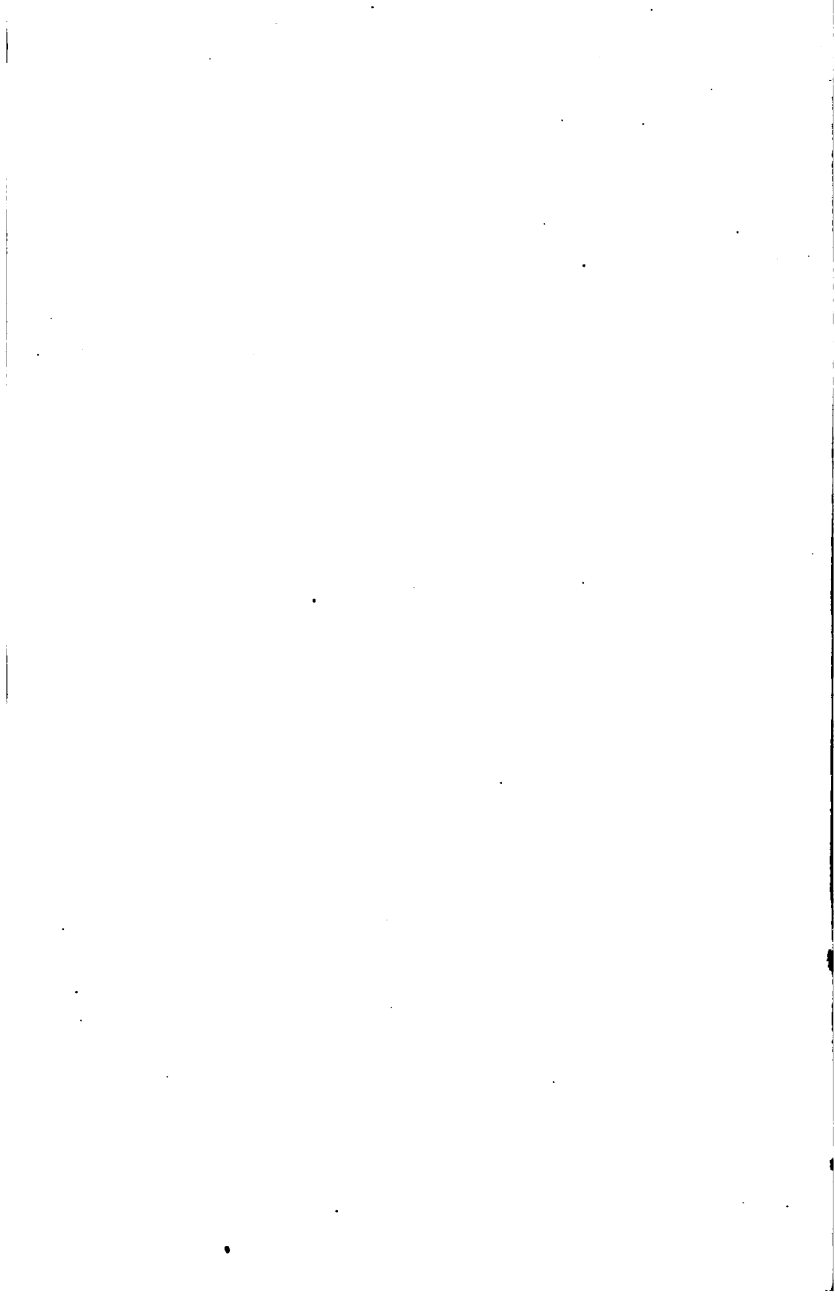
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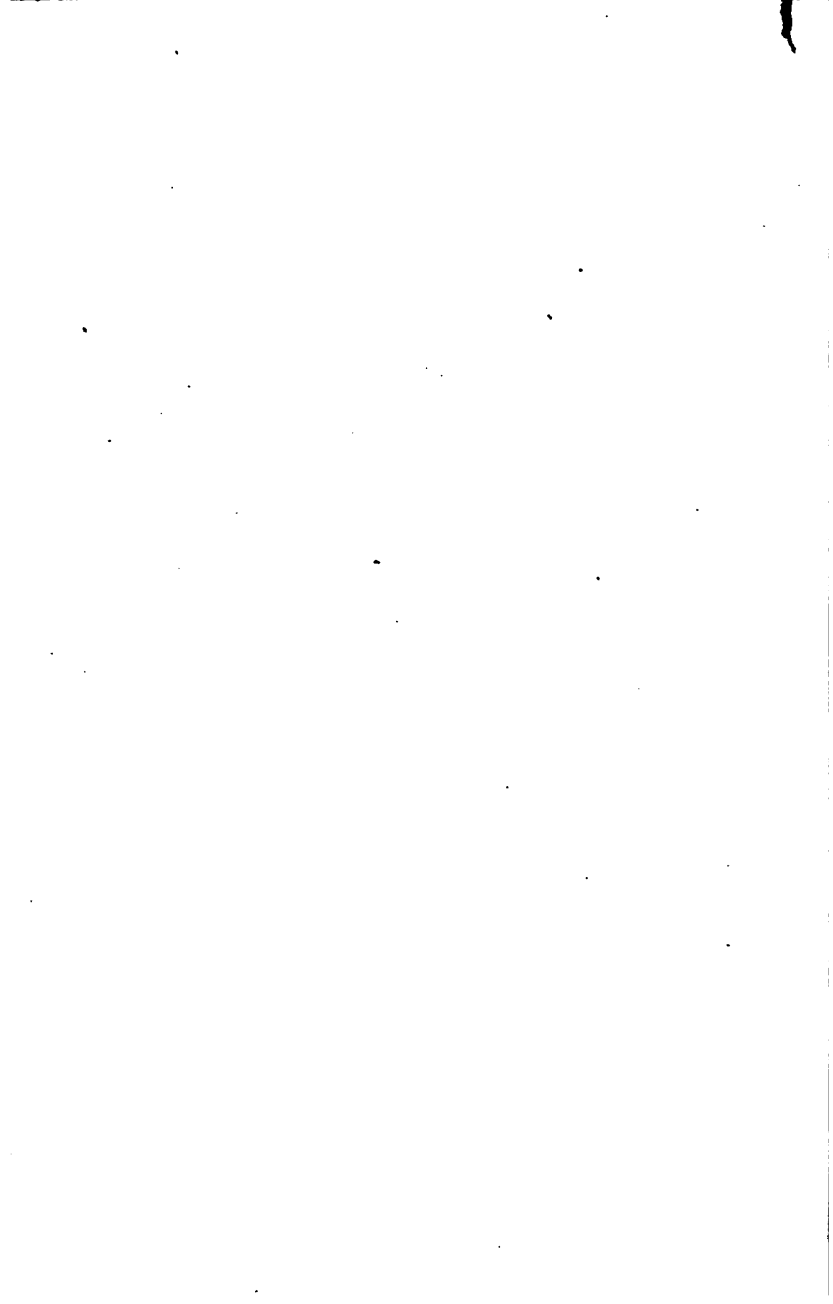


F. T. Washburn.

Milton.







BOOK OF WORSHIP:

FOR

THE CONGREGATION AND THE HOME.

TAKEN PRINCIPALLY

FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

Compiled by H. B. Fuller

FIFTEENTH EDITION.

BOSTON:

H. B. FULLER AND COMPANY,

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1868.

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PREFACE.

THIS Book of Worship is founded on the Service Book prepared in 1844 for the use of the Church of the Disciples, in Boston. The present volume, being intended for wider use, omits all that was special to that particular body. The Psalms are rearranged; a Communion Service and Marriage Service are added; and other alterations and additions made, which, it is hoped, will increase its usefulness.

The chief difficulty has been felt in revising the Psalms. The common version, the language of which is connected with such sacred associations, is the basis of the selection. But this translation, in some places, is confessedly false, its language in others palpably antiquated or unfortunate; some altera-

tions were a matter of necessity. It cannot conduce to the edification of Christian worshippers to read, with however much solemnity, "Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe"; — nor to declare concerning our enemy, "Happy shall he be who dasheth thy little ones against the stones." Parts must be omitted, and of the parts retained some words must be here and there altered, to give a truer meaning and juster expression. In such cases, I follow NOYES and DE WETTE; two as high authorities as I could have access to. For any correction of the sense they are alone responsible. But I have sometimes, though rarely, adopted some different, but synonymous term, which seemed to give a better flow. The principle on which I have proceeded in such cases is difficult to state, it being mostly an affair of taste, in which, after all my care, I may have erred.

I ought to say, for the encouragement of those societies who may think of adopting this form, that it was used by the Church of the Disciples for six years, with growing satisfac-

tion and interest. The experiment of trying such a service was in our case wholly successful. If any one ever wished to return to the old Congregational form, I never happened to hear of it.

If a congregation generally take part in this service; if they connect it with congregational singing; if the person who conducts the worship feels free to vary occasionally by introducing extempore prayers, suited to special occasions and experiences,—the interest of the service will be proportionally increased.

THE COMPILER.



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ORDER OF SERVICES

FOR

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER.

1. INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES.
 2. HYMN.
 3. A SELECTION FROM THE PSALMS, OR FROM
THE PROPHETS, OR THE LITANIES, OR THE
TE DEUM.
 4. CONFESSION.
 5. LORD'S PRAYER AND SENTENCES.
 6. SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
 7. HYMN.
 8. SERMON (OR ADDRESSES).
 9. A PAUSE OF A FEW MOMENTS FOR SILENT
MEDITATION AND PRAYER.
 10. EXTEMPORE PRAYER.
 11. HYMN.
 12. BENEDICTION, OR CLOSING ASCRIPTIONS.
-

NOTE.

THIS order of services has been found convenient,
and is therefore here inserted. But it is not in-


tended to be strictly adhered to, but may be varied, by the officiating minister, in the following ways.

It may be shortened, by omitting the first HYMN, or the CONFESSION, or the SENTENCES following the LORD'S PRAYER.

Instead of the PSALMS, or in addition to them, the TE DEUM, the SELECTIONS FROM THE PROPHETS, or one of the LITANIES, may be used.

AN EXTEMPORE PRAYER may be introduced before the SERMON, whenever the Minister desires it.

Finally, as it is not the object of this Service-Book to establish an inflexible form, but rather to afford the means of variety in public worship, the Churches and Ministers can make any other alterations from this order which they may deem expedient.

 The Introductory Sentences are to be read by the Minister *alone*; the Confession and Lord's Prayer, by the Minister and Congregation *together*; the Psalms, Prophets, and Litanies, by the Minister and Congregation in *alternate* sentences.

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES

FOR

MORNING PRAYER.

(To be read by the Minister alone.)

WHEN the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.

The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

Jesus said, Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall

agree on earth, as touching any thing they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.

For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found ; call ye upon him while he is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Likewise I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him ; to the soul that seeketh him.

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.

Minister. Lift up your hearts.

Congregation. We lift them up unto the Lord

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES

FOR

EVENING PRAYER.

FROM the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.

Let our prayers be set forth in his sight as incense ; and the lifting up of our hands as an evening sacrifice.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Even the youth shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall ; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord.

Rend your hearts, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God : for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow

myself before the High God? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?

If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift upon the altar, and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees; following peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

And be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

O, come, let us worship and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Min. Lift up your hearts.

Cong. We lift them up unto the Lord.

GENERAL CONFESSION.

(By the Minister and Congregation together.)

If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us ;

If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned

Against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

For the good that I would, I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I do.

God be merciful to me a sinner.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

Speak the word only, and thy servant shall be healed.

LORD'S PRAYER.

(By the Minister and Congregation together.)

OUR Father who art in heaven ; Hallowed be thy name ; Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread ; And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

Min. O Lord, open thou our eyes.

Con. That we may behold wonderful things out of thy law.

Min. O Lord, open thou our lips.

Con. And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Min. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

Con. Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power ; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they were created.

Min. Praise ye the Lord.

Con. The Lord's name be prai

CLOSING ASCRIPTIONS AND BENEDICTION.

MORNING.

Min. Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

Con. Alleluia ! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him. Alleluia. Amen.

Min. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

Con. Therefore blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

Min. Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

Con. To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

Min. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all, evermore. Amen.

CLOSING ASCRIPTIONS AND BENEDICTION.

EVENING.

Min. Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints.

Con. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee.

Min. Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

Con. Amen. Blessing, and glory, and honor be unto our God for ever and ever.

Min. Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us;

Con. Unto Him be glory in the Church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Min. The Lord God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, now and for ever. Amen.

A SELECTION
FROM THE
P S A L M S O F D A V I D.

THE FIRST SELECTION.

(Psalms 65 and 96.)

INTRODUCTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion : and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

My iniquities are heavy upon me ; but thou wilt forgive our transgressions.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts. O, satisfy us with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By wonderful things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation ; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea :

Who in thy strength makest fast the mountains
being girded with power :

Who stillest the noise of the seas, the noise of
their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are
awed by thy wonders : thou makest the regions of
the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it : thou
greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is
full of water : thou preparest corn, when thou hast
so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly :
thou settlest the furrows thereof : thou makest it
soft with showers : thou blessest the springing
thereof.

● Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ; and
thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness :
and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks ; the valleys
also are covered with corn : they shout for joy ;
they also sing.

O, SING unto the Lord a new song : sing unto the
Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name : show forth
his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders
among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised :
he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the
Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him ; strength and
beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people,
give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name :
bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness :
fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth :
the world shall stand firm, it shall not be moved :
he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad ;
let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein :
then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice,

Before the Lord ; for he cometh, for he cometh to
judge the earth : he shall judge the world with right-
eousness, and the people with his truth.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisi-
ble, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for
ever and ever. Amen.

THE SECOND SELECTION.

(Psalms 84 and 27.)

INTRODUCTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts !

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord : my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Even the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, by thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they are still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee : in whose heart are thy ways.

Passing through the valley of sorrow they make it full of fountains, and the latter rain covers it with blessings.

They go from strength to strength, till all of them in Zion appear before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer : give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield : the Lord will give grace and glory ; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation ; whom shall I fear ? the Lord is the strength of my life : of whom shall I be afraid ?

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after ; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion : in the secret place of his tabernacle shall he hide me ; he shall set me upon a rock.

Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy ; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice : have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face ; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me, put not thy servant away in anger : thou hast been my help ; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord : be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart ; wait, I say, on the Lord.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE THIRD SELECTION.

(*Psalms 42, 92, 125, and 43.*)

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I come and appear before God ?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me : for I have gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted in me ? hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him ; him, my deliverer and my God.

Deep calleth unto deep with the roar of thy cataracts : all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God for I shall yet praise him; him, my deliverer and my God.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God;

To show that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

O, SEND out thy light and thy truth : let them lead me ; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy : yea, I will praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope in God : for I shall yet praise him ; him, my deliverer and my God.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE FOURTH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 95, 122, and 67.*)

EXHORTATION TO WORSHIP.

O, COME, let us sing unto the Lord : let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King
above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth : the
strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it : and his hands
formed the dry land.

O, come, let us worship and bow down : let us
kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is our God ; and we are the people of his
pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go
into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded anew ; a city that is at unity
in itself ;

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,
after the custom of Israel, to give thanks unto the
name of the Lord.

For there is the seat of judgment, the thrones of
the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem ; they shall prosper
that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within
thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will
now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will
seek thy good.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us ; and cause his face to shine upon us ;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving help among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.

O, let the nations be glad and sing for joy : for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.

For the earth gives her increase ; and God, even our own God, blesses us.

God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE FIFTH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 100, 148, and 24.*)

INVITATION TO WORSHIP.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness : come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves : we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good ; his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth to all generations.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens : praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels : praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon : praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord : for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also established them for ever and ever : he hath given them laws, and they transgress them not.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye sea-monsters and all deeps :

Fire, and hail ; snow, and vapor ; stormy wind fulfilling his word :

Mountains, and all hills ; fruitful trees, and all cedars :

Wild beasts, and tame cattle ; creeping reptiles, and flying fowl :

Kings of the earth, and all people ; princes, and all judges of the earth :

Both young men, and maidens ; old men, and children :

Let them praise the name of the Lord : for his name alone is excellent ; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? and who shall stand in his holy place ?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart ; who hath not inclined his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory ? the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory ? the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE SIXTH SELECTION.

(*Psalm 103.*)

EXHORTATION TO BLESS GOD.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits :

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies ;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things ; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE SEVENTH SELECTION.

(Psalms 26, 50, and 138.)

A MORNING PRAYER.

EXAMINE me, O Lord, and prove me : try my thoughts and my heart.

For thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes : and I walk in thy truth.

I will wash mine hands in innocency : so will I go to thine altar, O Lord :

To utter the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Lord, I love the house where thou dost abide, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

I will walk in mine integrity : redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My feet tread in a straight path : in the congregation will I bless the Lord.

THE mighty God, even the Lord, speaks, and calls the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God shines.
Our God comes, and does not keep silence : a fire
devours before him, and a tempest rages around
him.

He calls to the heavens from above, and to the
earth, that he may judge his people.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak ; O Israel,
and I will admonish thee : I am God, even thy God.

I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-
goats out of thy folds.

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the
cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains : and the
wild beasts of the field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee : for the
world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

Offer unto God thanksgiving ; and pay thy vows
unto the Most High :

And call upon me in the day of trouble : I will
deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

I WILL praise thee with my whole heart : before
the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise
thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth.

In the day when I cried, thou answeredst me, and
strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

Though the Lord is high, yet hath he respect
unto the lowly : but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me : thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The Lord will be sufficient for me : thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever : forsake not the work of thine own hands.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE EIGHTH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 5 and 19.*)

A MORNING PRAYER.

GIVE ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God : for unto thee will I pray.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord ; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness : neither shall evil dwell with thee.

As for me, I will come into thy house in the

multitude of thy mercy : and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness, make thy way straight before my face.

Let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice : let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them : let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous ; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

THE heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament showeth the work of his hands

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no sound nor language, and their voice is not heard.

Yet their speech is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. There hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a hero to run a race.

He goeth forth from one end of the heaven, and his circuit is to the other end of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, giving life unto the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the

heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever : the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold : sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors ? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ; let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE NINTH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 63, 16, and 17.*)

AN EVENING PRAYER.

O God, thou art my God ; early will I seek thee :
my soul thirsteth for thee, my heart longeth for thee
in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is ;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen
thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my
lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live : I will lift up
my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied ; and my mouth shall
praise thee with joyful lips :

When I remember thee upon my bed, and medi-
tate on thee in the night-watches.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the
shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth after thee : thy right hand up-
holdeth me.

PRESERVE me, O God : for in thee do I put my
trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou
art my Lord : I have no happiness but in thee ;

The holy that are in the earth, and the excellent
in them is all my delight.

The Lord is my portion and my cup : thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel : my heart also admonishes me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me : because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my spirit rejoiceth : my flesh also rests in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave ; neither wilt thou suffer thy beloved one to see corruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of life : in thy presence is fulness of joy ; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

HEAR the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry, give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of false lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence ; let thine eyes see what is right.

Prove my heart ; visit me in the night ; try me my thoughts shall not vary from my speech.

Hold up my steps in thy paths, that my feet slip not.

I call upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God : incline thine ear unto me, and hear my words.

Show thy loving-kindness, O Thou that savest

by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee.

Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TENTH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 134, 141, 3, 4, and 36.*)

AN EVENING PRAYER.

BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.

LORD, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me; give ear unto my voice, when I cry unto thee.

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense .
and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth ; keep the door of my lips.

Let not my heart incline to any evil thing ; let me not practise wicked works with men that work iniquity.

Let the righteous smite me ; it shall be a kindness : and let him reprove me ; it shall be oil for my head.

THOU, O Lord, art my shield ; my deliverer, and the lifter up of mine head.

I cry unto the Lord with my voice, and he heareth me out of his holy hill.

I lay me down and sleep ; I awake ; for the Lord sustaineth me.

HEAR me when I call, O God, my defender : thou hast helped me when I was in distress ; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself : the Lord will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not : commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.

I will lay me down in peace, and sleep : for thou Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens ; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains ; thy judgments are a great deep.

How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God ! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be satisfied with the abundance of thy house ; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy joys.

For with thee is the fountain of life : in thy light shall we see light.

O, continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee ; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE ELEVENTH SELECTION.

(Psalms 145 and 66.)

ADORATION.

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King ; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee ; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised ; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts : and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord ; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power ;

To make known to the sons of men thy mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of thy kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee ; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him : he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord : and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands :

Sing forth the honor of his name : make his praise glorious.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee ; it shall celebrate thy name.

Come and see the works of God : he is wonderful in his doing toward the children of men.

He ruleth by his power for ever ; his eyes behold the nations : let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O, bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard :

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me :

But verily God hath heard me ; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWELFTH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 51 and 32.*)

CONFESSION, PENITENCE, AND PARDON.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions : and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight : so that thou art justified when thou speakest, and upright when thou judgest.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward heart : teach me, therefore, wisdom in my inmost soul.

Purge me with hyssop, until I be clean : wash me, until I be whiter than snow.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence ; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation ; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways ; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice ; else would I give it : thou delightest not in burnt-offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord ; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

Therefore shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found : surely the floods of great waters shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding-place ; thou shalt preserve me from trouble : thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked : but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous : and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE THIRTEENTH SELECTION

(Psalms 25 and 130.)

CONFESSION AND SUPPLICATION.

UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee : let me not be ashamed.

Let none that wait on thee be ashamed : let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Show me thy ways, O Lord ; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me : for thou art the God of my salvation ; in thee do I trust all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses : for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions ; according to thy mercy remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord : therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment : and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity ; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord ? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him :
and he will show them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord ; for he shall
pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me ;
for I am desolate and afflicted.

Lighten the sorrows of my heart : O, bring thou
me out of my distresses.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain ; and for-
give all my sins.

O, keep my soul, and deliver me : let me not be
ashamed ; for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me ; for I
wait on thee.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice : let thine ears be attentive
to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord,
who shall stand ?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou may-
est be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his
word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that
watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord : for with the Lord
there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemp-
tion.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible,
the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever
and ever. Amen.

THE FOURTEENTH SELECTION.

(Psalms 97 and 33.)

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

THE Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice ; let the
multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him : righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne.

His lightnings illumine the world ; the earth sees,
and trembles.

The hills melt like wax at the presence of the Lord,
at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the
people see his glory.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil : he preserveth
the souls of his saints ; he delivereth them out of the
hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for
the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous ; and give
thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous : for praise is comely for the upright.

The word of the Lord is right ; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment : the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made ; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap : he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord : let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done ; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to naught : he maketh the devices of the kingdoms of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord ; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven ; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth the hearts of all ; he observeth all their works.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy ;

To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth on the Lord : he is our help and our shield.

For our heart rejoices in him ; we trust in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE FIFTEENTH SELECTION.

(Psalms 40 and 46.)

HUMBLE CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

I WAITED patiently for the Lord ; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

And hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God : many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and resorteth not to men of pride and falsehood.

Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done ; many are thy gracious

- thoughts toward us ; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire ; so hast thou taught me : burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.

Therefore said I, Lo, I come to do what thy word commands me.

I delight to do thy will, O my God : yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have preached righteousness in the great congregation : lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart ; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation : I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord : let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about : mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up ; they are more than the hairs of mine head : therefore my heart faileth me.

Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me : O Lord, make haste to help me.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee : let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

But I am poor and needy ; yet the Lord thinketh

upon me : thou art my help and my deliverer
make no tarrying, O my God.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present
help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be
removed, and though the mountains be carried into
the midst of the sea ;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
though the mountains shake with the swelling
thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make
glad the city of God, the holy dwelling-place of the
Most High.

God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be
moved : God shall help her, and that right early.

The Lord of hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is
our refuge.

Be still, and know that I am God : I am exalted
among the heathen, I am exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob
is our refuge.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisi-
ble, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever
and ever. Amen.

THE SIXTEENTH SELECTION.

(Psalms 61, 62, 69, and 70.)

PRAYER IN DISTRESS.

HEAR my cry, O God ; attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth I cry unto thee, for my heart is overwhelmed : lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou art my shelter, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever : I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, wilt hear my vows, and give me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

TRULY my soul waiteth upon God : from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation ; he is my defence ; I shall not be greatly moved.

My soul, wait thou only upon God ; for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation : he is my defence ; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory ; the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times ; ye people, pour out your heart before him : God is a refuge for us.

SAVE me, O God ; for the waters are come in unto my soul.

I will offer my prayer unto thee, O Lord : O God, in the greatness of thy mercy hear me, in the truth of thy salvation.

Deliver me, and let me not sink : let me be deliverèd from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up, and let not the grave shut her mouth upon me.

Hear me, O Lord ; for thy loving-kindness is good : turn unto me according to the multitude of thy tender mercies.

And hide not thy face from thy servant ; for I am in trouble : hear me speedily.

Draw nigh unto my soul, and redeem it : deliver me from all mine enemies.

For I am poor and sorrowful : let thy salvation, O God, set me up on high.

MAKE haste, O God, to deliver me ; make haste to help me, O Lord.

Let them be ashamed that seek after my soul : let them be turned backward that desire my hurt.

But let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee : and let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified.

But I am poor and needy ; make haste unto me,

O God : thou art my help and my deliverer ; O Lord, make no delay.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE SEVENTEENTH SELECTION.

• (*Psalms 71 and 55.*)

PRAYER IN DISTRESS.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust ; let me never be put to shame.

Deliver me in thy goodness, and cause me to escape : incline thine ear to me, and save me.

Be thou my strong habitation, where I may continually resort : thou hast given commandment to save me ; for thou art my rock and my fortress.

For thou art my hope, O Lord God : thou art my trust from my youth.

By thee have I been holden up ever since I was born ; my praise shall be continually of thee.

Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honor all the day.

Cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

O God, be not far from me : O my God, make haste for my help.

For I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.

My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day ; for thy mercies are more than I can number.

I will go in the strength of the Lord God : I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth : and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.

Also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not ; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to those that are to come.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee ; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed.

My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long.

GIVE ear to my prayer, O God ; hide not thyself from my supplication.

My heart trembleth in my bosom : and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me and horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I think, O that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

But yet I will call upon God : and the Lord shall save me.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud : and he shall hear my voice.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee : he shall never suffer those who seek him to fall.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE EIGHTEENTH SELECTION.

(Psalms 31 and 86.)

TRUST IN GOD.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust : deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me ; deliver me speedily : be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress ; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

O, how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee ; which thou showest to them that trust in thee.

Thou hidest them in the secret of thy presence

from the pride of man ; thou shelterest them in thy pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the Lord : for he hath showed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

O, love the Lord, all ye his saints : for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me : for I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul ; O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord : for I cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant : for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive ; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer ; and attend to the voice of my supplication.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee : for thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord ; neither are there any works like unto thy works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and

worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O Lord: I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

O, turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE NINETEENTH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 133, 48, 112, and 123.*)

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

It is like the precious ointment upon the head,

that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard :
that went down to the skirts of his garments ;

As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion : for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God : God will establish it for ever.

We remember thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

As thy name, O God, so extends thy praise unto the ends of the earth : thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her : tell the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces.

For this God is our God for ever and ever : he will be our guide unto death.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

Happy is the man who showeth favor, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever; he shall be exalted with honor.

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until he have mercy upon us.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTIETH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 8, 144, and 115.*)

THE DIGNITY AND FRAILTY OF MAN.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ! whose glory reaches above the heavens

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength to silence thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that thou visitest him ?

Yet thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou hast given him dominion over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under his feet :

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field ;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth !

LORD, What is man, that thou art mindful of him ! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him !

Man is like a vapor : his days are as a shadow that passeth away.

Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down : touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God ?

But our God is in the heavens ; he hath done whatsoever he pleased.

The Lord hath been mindful of us : he will bless us ; he will bless the house of Israel ; he will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.

The Lord shall increase you more and more, you and your children.

Ye are blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's : but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence.

But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the Lord.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SELECTION.

(Psalms 89 and 111.)

THE MAJESTY OF GOD.

I WILL sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever :
with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness
to all generations.

For I know that thy mercy endureth for ever : thy
truth shalt thou establish like the very heavens.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O
Lord : thy truth also in the congregation of the holy.

For who in the heaven can be compared unto the
Lord ? who among the sons of God can be likened
unto the Lord ?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the
holy, and to be had in reverence of all them that are
about him.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like
unto thee ? and thy faithfulness is round about thee ?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea : when the
waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

Thou breakest in pieces the proud ; thou scatter-
est thine enemies with thy strong arm.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine :
as for the world, and the fulness thereof, thou hast
founded them.

The north and the south, thou hast created them :
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm : strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the foundation of thy throne : mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day : and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength ; and in thy favor our heads shall be exalted.

For the Lord is our defence ; and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

PRAISE ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honorable and glorious : and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered : the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him : he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath showed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are truth and justice ; al
his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done
in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people : he hath
commanded his covenant for ever : holy and rever-
end is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom :
a good understanding have all they that do his com-
mandments : his praise endureth for ever.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invis-
ible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever
and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SELECTION.

(Psalms 136, 147, and 85.)

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good : for
his mercy endureth for ever.

O, give thanks unto the God of gods : for his
mercy endureth for ever.

O, give thanks to the Lord of lords : for his mercy
endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders : for his
mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens : for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters : for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that made the great lights : for his mercy endureth for ever :

The sun to rule by day : for his mercy endureth for ever :

The moon and stars to rule by night : for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in our low estate : for his mercy endureth for ever.

And hath redeemed us from our enemies : for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who giveth food to all flesh : for his mercy endureth for ever.

O, give thanks unto the God of heaven : for his mercy endureth for ever.

PRAISE ye the Lord : for it is good to sing praises unto our God ; for it is pleasant ; and praise is comely.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem ; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates ; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who can stand before his cold ?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them : he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He hath not dealt so with any nation : and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

LORD, thou hast been favorable unto thy land.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, thou hast covered all their sin.

Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee ?

Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak : he will speak peace unto his people, and to his servants : but let them not turn again to evil.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him ; that peace may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth ; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good ; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him, and shall keep her steps in the way.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SELECTION.

(*Psalm 107.*)

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good : for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy ;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way ; they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

For he satisfieth the thirsty soul, and filleth the hungry soul with good.

He hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters ;

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths ; their soul is melted because of trouble.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they are quiet ; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

O that men would praise the Lord for his good-

ness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the water springs into dry ground ;

A fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water-springs.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation ;

And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice : and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SELECTION

(Psalms 39 and 90.)

FRAILITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth ; and mine age is as nothing before thee : verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh like a shadow : surely he disquieteth himself in vain : he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

What then, O Lord, is my hope ? my hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my unrighteousness : make me not the reproach of the impious.

I am dumb, I open not my mouth ; because thou hast done it.

Remove thy stroke away from me : I perish by the blow of thine hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou consumeest his beauty like a moth : surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry ; hold not thy peace at my tears : for I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O, spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

LORD, thou hast been our refuge in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest him away as with a flood ; he is as a dream ; he is like grass which groweth up in the morning.

In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their pride weariness and sorrow ; for it swiftly vanisheth, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return to us, O Lord, and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O, satisfy us early with thy mercy ; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us : and establish thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SELECTION

(*Psalms 143, 142, and 57.*)

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH AND COMFORT.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications : in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant : for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

For my spirit is overwhelmed within me ; my heart within me is desolate.

I remember the days of old, I meditate on all thy works ; I muse on the work of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee : my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

Hear me speedily, O Lord : my spirit faileth : hide not thy face from me.

Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning ; for in thee do I trust : cause me to know the way wherein I should walk ; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

Teach me to do thy will ; for thou art my God : thy Spirit is good ; lead me into the land of uprightness.

I cry unto the Lord with my voice ; with my voice unto the Lord do I make my supplication.

I pour out my complaint before him ; I show before him my trouble.

When my spirit is overwhelmed within me, then thou knowest my path.

Refuge failed me ; no man cared for my soul.

I cry unto thee, O Lord : Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

Attend unto my cry ; for I am brought very low.

Bring my soul out of darkness, that I may praise thy name : the righteous shall compass me about ; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me : for my soul trusteth in thee : yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God most high ; unto God that performeth all things for me.

He shall send from heaven, and save me : God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens ; let thy glory be above all the earth.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed : I will sing and give praise.

Awake, my soul ; awake, psaltery and harp : I myself will awake early.

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people : I will sing unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens : let thy glory be above all the earth.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SELECTION.

(*Psalm 139.*)

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNISCIENCE.

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou seest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For before the word is on my tongue, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me ; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there : if I make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea ;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me ; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee ; but the night shineth as the day : the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

I will praise thee ; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made : marvellous are thy works ; and that my soul knoweth right well.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unformed ; and in thy book was every thing written ; my days were appointed when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God ! how great is the sum of them !

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand : when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart : try me, and know my thoughts :

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SELECTION.

(*Psalms* 104.)

GOD'S PROVIDENCE SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great ; thou art clothed with honor and majesty.

He covereth himself with light as with a garment : he spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain :

He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters : he maketh the clouds his chariot : he walketh upon the wings of the wind :

He maketh his angels spirits ; his ministers a flaming fire :

He laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment : the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled ; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

The mountains rise up ; the valleys sink away, in the places which thou hast appointed for them.

Thou hast set a bound that the waters may not pass ; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

Thou sendest the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field : the wild asses quench their thirst.

Near them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

Thou waterest the hills from thy chambers : the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

Thou causest the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man : that thou mayest bring forth food out of the earth :

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap : the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted ;

Where the birds make their nests : the stork has the fir-tree for her home.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats ; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointeth the moon for seasons : the sun knoweth when to go down..

Thou makest darkness, and it is night : wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches.

This great and wide sea, in it are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships : there is that leviathan, which thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee, to give them their meat in due season.

Thou givest it to them, they gather it ; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled ; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created : and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever : the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth : he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH SELECTION.

(Psalms 23 and 34.)

GUARDIAN CARE OF GOD.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

Look unto him, and be lightened : and your faces shall not be ashamed.

The poor man cries, and the Lord hears him, and saves him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O, taste and see that the Lord is good : blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O, fear the Lord, ye his servants ; for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger : but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me : I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good ; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart ; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous : but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants . and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE TWENTY-NINTH SELECTION.

(Psalms 91 and 121.)

PROTECTING CARE OF GOD.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress : my God ; in him will I trust.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust : his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror of the night ; nor for the arrow that flieth by day ;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand ; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, and the Most High thy habitation ;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder : the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him : I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper : the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE THIRTIETH SELECTION.

(*Psalms 98, 113, and 116.*)

GRATITUDE FOR DIVINE PROTECTION.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song : for he hath done marvellous things : his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation : his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel : all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth : make a loud noise, and rejoice and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the voice of a psalm,
make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the
world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be
joyful together

Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth:
with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the
people with equity.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the
Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time
forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down
of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory
above the heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth
on high,

Who humbleth himself to behold the things that
are in heaven, and in the earth?

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth
the needy out of the ground;

That he may set him with princes, even with the
princes of his people.

I LOVE the Lord, because he hath heard my voice
and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of the grave seized upon me ; I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord : O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous ; yea, our God is merciful.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul ; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me ?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

I will offer to him the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever Amen.

THE THIRTY-FIRST SELECTION.

(Psalm 118.)

THANKS FOR DIVINE MERCY.

O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good : because his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth for ever

Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

I called upon the Lord in distress : the Lord answered me, and delivered me.

The Lord is on my side ; I will not fear : what can man do unto me ?

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous : the right hand of the Lord doeth wonderfully.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

Open to me the gates of righteousness : I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord :

This is the gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee : for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing ; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord : O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord : we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee : thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O, give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good : for his mercy endureth for ever.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE THIRTY-SECOND SELECTION

(From Psalm 119.)

DESIRE FOR HOLINESS.

BLESSED are they whose ways are pure, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his commandments, and that seek him with the whole heart.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes : O, forsake me not utterly.

With my whole heart have I sought thee : O, let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord : teach me thy statutes :

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

I am a stranger in the earth : hide not thy commandments from me.

My soul cleaveth unto the dust : quicken thou me according to thy word.

I have declared my ways, and thou hast heard me : teach me thy statutes.

Make me to understand the way of thy precepts :
so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

My soul melteth for heaviness : strengthen thou me
according unto thy word.

I will run the way of thy commandments, when
thou shalt enlarge my heart.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes ; and
I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law :
yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments ;
for therein do I delight.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to
covetousness.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity ; and
quicken thou me in thy way.

And take not the word of truth utterly out of my
mouth ; for I have hoped in thy judgments.

So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and
ever.

And I will walk at liberty : for I seek thy pre-
cepts.

Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord : give
me understanding according to thy word.

Let my supplication come before thee : deliver me
according to thy word.

My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught
me thy statutes.

My tongue shall speak of thy word : for all thy
commandments are righteousness.

Let thine hand help me ; for I have chosen thy precepts.

I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord ; and thy law is my delight.

Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee ; and let thy judgments help me.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE THIRTY-THIRD SELECTION.

(Psalms 78, 44, 105, and 80.)

FOR A NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

GIVE ear, O my people, to my speech : incline your ears to the words of my mouth.

I will open my mouth in a parable : I will utter dark sayings of old :

What we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us.

We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.

For he established statutes, and appointed a law, which he commanded our fathers to make known to their children :

That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born : who should declare them to their children :

That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments.

Marvellous things did he in the sight of our fathers.

He divided the sea, and caused them to pass through ; and he made the waters to stand as an heap.

In the daytime also he led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire.

He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths.

He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers.

He commanded the clouds from above, and opened the doors of heaven,

And rained down manna upon them to eat, and gave them of the corn of heaven.

Man did eat angels' food : he sent them meat to the full.

He made his people go forth like sheep, and guided them in the wilderness like a flock.

He led them on safely, so that they feared not.

And he brought them to the sacred border, even to this mountain, which his right hand had purchased.

He cast out the nations also before them, and di-

vided them an inheritance by line, and made the tribes to dwell in their tents.

WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what deeds thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

How thou didst drive out the nations with thy hand, and plantedst them ; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.

For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them.

O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord ; call upon his name : make known his deeds among the people.

Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him : talk ye of all his wondrous works.

Glory ye in his holy name : let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

Seek the Lord, and his strength : seek his face evermore.

Remember his marvellous works that he hath done ; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth ;
When our fathers were but a few in number ; yea, very few, and strangers in the land.

When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people ;

He suffered no man to do them wrong : yea, he reprov'd kings for their sakes ;

Saying, Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.

And he increased his people greatly ; and made them stronger than their enemies.

And he brought them forth with joy, and his chosen with gladness :

And gave them the lands of the nations, and they inherited the labor of the people ;

That they might observe his statutes, and keep his laws.

TURN us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt : thou hast cast out nations and planted it.

Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

It sent out its boughs unto the sea, and its branches unto the river.

Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts : look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine ;

And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

So will not we go back from thee : quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH SELECTION

(Psalms 30 and 77.)

DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL.

I WILL extol thee, O Lord ; for thou hast lifted me up.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave : thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the tomb.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment, but his favor for life ; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

I CRY unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice ; O that he would hear me !

In the day of my trouble I seek the Lord : I

stretch out my hand in the night and cease not : my soul refuses to be comforted.

I remember God, and am troubled : I complain, and my spirit is overwhelmed.

I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times,

I call to remembrance my song in the night : I commune with mine own heart : and my spirit makes diligent search.

Will the Lord cast off for ever ? and will he be favorable no more ?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever ? doth his promise fail for evermore ?

Hath God forgotten to be gracious ? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies ?

And I said, This is my infirmity : but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

I will remember the works of the Lord : surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings.

Thy way, O God, is holy : who is so great a God as our God !

Thou art the God that doest wonders : thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee ; they were afraid : the depths also were troubled.

The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH SELECTION

(Psalms 68 and 18.)

DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL.

LET God arise, and his enemies are scattered: and they that hate him flee before him.

But the righteous are glad; they rejoice before God: yea, they exceedingly rejoice.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth through the wilderness; Jehovah is his namé; rejoice before him.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.

God setteth the solitary in families : he bringeth to prosperity those which are bound with chains : but the rebellious dwell in a barren land.

O God, when thou didst go forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness ;

The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God : even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

The Lord gave the word : great was the company of those that published it.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels : the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive : thou hast received gifts from men.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

I WILL love thee, O Lord, my strength.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer ; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust ; my buckler, and my high tower.

I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of destruction made me afraid.

The sorrows of the grave compassed me about . the snares of death overtook me.

In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried

unto my God : he heard my voice out of his temple
and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out
of many waters.

He brought me forth into a large place : he delivered me, because he loved me.

To the merciful thou showest thyself merciful ; to
an upright man thou showest thyself upright ;

To the pure thou showest thyself pure ; and to the
wrathful thou showest thyself wrathful.

The ways of God are just and true, his word is
pure, tried in the fire : he is a buckler to all those
that trust in him.

For who is God save the Lord ? or who is a rock
save our God ?

It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh
my way plain.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible,
the only wise God,

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever
and ever. Amen.

TE DEUM.

WE praise thee, O God ; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts.

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,

The Father of an infinite majesty ;

Thine honorable, true, and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Lord ;

And Jesus Christ is thy well-beloved Son.

When thou gavest him to deliver man, it pleased thee that he should be born of a virgin.

When he had overcome the sharpness of death,
he opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

He sitteth at the right hand of God, in the glory
of the Father.

We believe that he shall come to be our judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom
thou hast redeemed through his most precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in
glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee ;

And we worship thy name, ever, world without
end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without
sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us ; have mercy upon
us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our
trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have we trusted ; let us never be
confounded.

SELECTIONS
FROM
T H E P R O P H E T S .

THE FIRST SELECTION.

HEAR, O heavens, and give ear, O earth : for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.

To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me ? saith the Lord : I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts ; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats.

When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts ?

Bring no more vain oblations : incense is an abomination unto me ; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with ; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.

Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth : they are a trouble unto me ; I am weary to bear them.

Wash you, make you clean : put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes ; cease to do evil :

Learn to do well ; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land : but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword : for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty.

The lofty looks of man shall be humbled and the haughtiness of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.

For the day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up ; and he shall be brought low :

And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low : and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.

And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.

In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which he hath made for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats ;

To go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.

THE SECOND SELECTION.

THE Lord standeth up to plead, and standeth to judge the people.

The Lord will enter into judgment with the elders of his people, and the chief men thereof: for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoil of the poor is in your houses.

What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts.

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.

Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and

their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.

And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled :

But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness.

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords, and sin as it were with a cart-rope :

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil : that put darkness for light, and light for darkness ; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter !

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight ! Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him !

Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust : because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel.

O Lord, the great and dreadful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love him, and to them that keep his commandments ;

We have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments :

Neither have we hearkened unto thy servants which spake in thy name to us.

O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us confusion of face as at this day ;

O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, because we have sinned against thee.

Now therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servants and their supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary for the Lord's sake.

O my God, incline thine ear, and hear ; open thine eyes, and behold : for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies.

O Lord, hear ; O Lord, forgive ; O Lord, hearken and do : defer not, for thine own sake, O our God.

THE THIRD SELECTION.

O LORD, I will praise thee : though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.

Behold, God is my salvation ; I will trust, and not be afraid : for the Lord is my strength and my song ; he also is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his

doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord ; for he hath done excellent things : this is known in all the earth.

Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion ; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

We have a strong city ; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee : because he trusteth in thee.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever : for in the Lord is everlasting strength :

The way of the just is uprightness : thou, most upright, dost weigh the path of the just.

Yea, in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee ; the desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee.

With my soul have I desired thee in the night ; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early : for when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.

Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us : for thou also hast wrought all our works in us.

O Lord our God, other lords besides thee have had dominion over us ; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name.

O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself : it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps

O Lord, correct me, but with judgment ; not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing.

To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him ; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws, which he set before us by his servants, the prophets.

THE FOURTH SELECTION.

COME near, ye nations, to hear ; and hearken, ye people ; let the earth hear, and all that is therein ; the world, and all things that come forth of it.

For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our King ; he will save us.

O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, that dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth ; thou hast made heaven and earth.

Incline thine ear, O Lord, and hear ; open thine eyes, O Lord, and see : and hear all our words.

O Lord, thou art my God ; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name ; for thou hast done wonderful things ; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth.

For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, and thou wilt take away the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations.

Thou wilt swallow up death in victory ; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth : for the Lord hath spoken it.

Thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel.

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.

I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys : I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.

That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.

And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not ; I will lead them in paths that they have not known : I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.

These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

This is the purpose that is purposed upon the whole earth : and this is the hand that is stretched out upon all the nations.

For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it ? and his hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back ?

For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Is-

rael : In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength :

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with you : And this shall be the covenant that I will make with you ;

I will put my law in your inward parts, and write it in your hearts ; and will be your God, and you shall be my people.

And you shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord : for you shall all know me, from the least of you unto the greatest of you, saith the Lord : for I will forgive your iniquity, and I will remember your sin no more.

THE FIFTH SELECTION.

LET every one that thirsteth come to the waters, and let him that hath no money come, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ? and your labor for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in goodness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear, and your soul shall live : and I will make an everlasting covenant with you.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near :

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater :

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth : it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off?

Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him, saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth ? saith the Lord.

Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and, while ye look for light, he turn it into the shadow of death.

THE SIXTH SELECTION.

SING unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein ; the isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.

Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands.

I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God besides me : I have strengthened thee, though thou hast not known me. Let them know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none besides me.

I am the Lord, and there is none else. I form the light, and create darkness : I make peace, and create evil : I the Lord do all these things.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness : let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together ; I the Lord have created it.

Remember the former things of old : for I am God, and there is none else ; I am God, and there is none like me.

Declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done ; saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.

And I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of my hand.

I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto me ; for I have redeemed thee.

Sing, O ye heavens ; for the Lord hath done it . shout, ye lower parts of the earth : break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein : for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.

Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee, I am the Lord that maketh all things ; that stretcheth forth the heavens alone ; that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself.

I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.

My righteousness is near ; my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the people ; the isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arms shall they trust.

Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath : for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner : but my salvation shall be for ever and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law ; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings

For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool : but my righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation from generation to generation.

Sing, O heavens ; and be joyful, O earth ; and break forth into singing, O mountains : for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted.

But we said, The Lord hath forsaken us, and my Lord hath forgotten us.

Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on her own son ? yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee.

THE SEVENTH SELECTION.

AWAKE, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion ; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord ; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.

O Lord, be gracious unto us ; we have waited for thee : be thou our arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble.

Look down from heaven, and behold from the habitation of thy holiness and of thy glory.

Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham

be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting.

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear;

But our iniquities have separated between us and our God, and our sins have hid his face from us, that he will not hear.

For our transgressions are multiplied before thee, and our sins testify against us: for our transgressions are with us; and as for our iniquities we know them;

In transgressing against the Lord, and departing away from our God, speaking oppression and revolt, conceiving and uttering from the heart words of falsehood.

But now, O Lord, thou art our Father, we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we are all the work of thy hand.

Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity for ever: behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people.

I will mention the loving-kindness of the Lord and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, according to his mercies and according to the multitude of his loving-kindnesses.

Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool: where is the house

that ye build unto me ? and where is the place of my rest.

For all those things hath my hand made, but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word,

And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer ; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.

They shall not hunger nor thirst, neither shall the heat nor sun smite them : for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them.

Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion ; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head : they shall obtain gladness and joy ; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

THE EIGHTH SELECTION.

COME ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord ; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

He shall judge among the nations, and govern the people ; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.

Nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

O my people, come, and let us walk in the light of the Lord;

Until the spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest.

Then judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field.

And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.

And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places.

They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine.

Moreover, the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days.

Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept; and gladness of heart, as when one goeth into the mountain of the Lord to the Mighty One of Israel.

And therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for him.

For the people shall dwell in Zion: thou shalt weep no more: he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee.

THE NINTH SELECTION.

THE people that walked in darkness have seen a great light : they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given : and the government shall be upon his shoulder : and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord ;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord : and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears.

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth : and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling, together ; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed ; their young ones shall lie down together : and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain : for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice, even with joy and singing : the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon : they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not : behold, your God will come with power, even God with a recompense ; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the

tongue of the dumb sing : for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water :

And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness : the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there ; but the redeemed shall walk there :

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

THE TENTH SELECTION.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low : and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain :

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together : for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry ?

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field :

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, when the breath of the Lord bloweth over it.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance ?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him ?

With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding ?

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance : behold, the isles are like flying stubble.

All nations before him are as nothing ; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

To whom, then, will ye liken God ? or what likeness will ye compare unto him ?

Have ye not known ? have ye not heard ? hath it not been told you from the beginning ? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth ?

It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers : that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in :

That bringeth the princes to nothing ; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

To whom, then, will ye liken me, or shall I be equal ? saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host in order : he calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might, because he is strong in power :

Hast thou not known ? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary ? his understanding is unsearchable.

He giveth power to the faint ; and to the feeble abundant strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall :

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles - they shall run, and not be weary ; they shall walk, and not faint.

LITANIES.

FIRST LITANY.

O God, our Heavenly Father, who by thy Son hast redeemed the world, and by thy Holy Spirit dost govern, direct, and sanctify the hearts of thy faithful servants, have mercy upon us, thy children.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, neither take thou vengeance of our sins; spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, we beseech thee, whom thou hast redeemed by the most precious blood of thy Son.

Spare us, good Lord.

From all evil and mischief; from sin; from the assaults of temptation; from all blindness of heart; from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness; deliver thy children, good Lord.

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lightning and, tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from death unprepared for,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, and rebellion; from all false

doctrine, contention, and division ; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word and commandment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our prosperity ; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We humbly beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God, and that it may please thee to rule and govern the holy Christian Church, in the right way, and to illuminate all ministers of the Gospel with true knowledge, and understanding of thy word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth and show it accordingly ; and that it may please thee to endue all our rulers and magistrates with grace, wisdom, and understanding, that they may execute justice, and maintain truth ; and that it may please thee to bless all schools and seminaries of learning ; all instructors of youth, and all means of true knowledge, virtue, and piety ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and keep all thy people, and give to all nations unity, peace, and concord ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us a heart to love and fear thee, to hear meekly thy word, to receive it with pure affection, to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, and diligently to live after thy commandments ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived ; to strengthen such as do stand ; to comfort and help the weak-hearted ; to raise up those who fall ; and finally to give us victory over all temptations ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to succor, help, and comfort all who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation ; to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all sick persons and young children ; to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives ; to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men ; and to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us true repentance, to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances, and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, to amend our lives according to thy holy word ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

O Lord, grant us thy peace.

Lord have mercy upon us.

O Lord, deal not with us after our sins ;

Neither reward us after our iniquities.

SECOND LITANY.

O God, whose nature is ever to have mercy and forgive, receive our humble petitions ; and though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of thy great mercy loose us.

Graciously hear and forgive us, O Lord.

Save us, we beseech thee, from wandering thoughts low desires, and vain imaginations, and from the waste of our time and the neglect of thy warnings ; save us from idle words and corrupt communications, from an impatient and irreverent spirit, from hatred and wrath, from all selfishness, uncharitableness, and deadly sin.

Save us, we beseech thee, O Lord.

Almighty Father, who hast given thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification ; grant us to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness, that we may always serve thee in pureness of living and truth, and finally pass the grave and gate of death to our joyful resurrection.

Grant this, we beseech thee, O Lord.

Grant unto us to be poor in spirit, that ours may be the kingdom of heaven ; give unto us godly sorrow and mourning, that we may be comforted ; meekness, that we may inherit the earth ; hunger and thirst after righteousness, that we may be filled ; grant unto us to be merciful, that we may obtain mercy ; to be pure in heart, that we may see God ; to be peace-

makers, that we may be called the children of God ; and to be patient in all trouble, that our reward may be great in heaven.

Grant this, we beseech thee, O Lord.

Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, keep and defend us for ever.

O God, by whose spirit the whole body of the Church is governed and sanctified ; receive our supplications and prayers which we offer before thee for all estates of men in thy holy Church, that every member of the same in his vocation and ministry may truly and faithfully serve thee. Give wisdom also to our rulers and magistrates, that they may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way ; and grant thy blessing to all schools and teachers, that knowledge, virtue, and piety may increase and be established among us.

Graciously hear us, O Lord God.

Show thy mercy, O Lord, to all men ; be a friend to the poor and friendless, and a father to fatherless children ; be a guide and defence to all travellers by land and by water ; enlighten the ignorant ; comfort the afflicted ; bless our friends and benefactors, and bless our enemies ; and fill the whole world with thy truth, mercy, and love.

Graciously hear us, O Lord God.

Kindly preserve us, O God, from temporal danger and bodily pain; may we temperately enjoy the fruits of the earth in their season; supply our wants according to thy wisdom, and grant that we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal.

Geaciously hear us, O Lord God.

Favorably with mercy hear our prayers.

O gracious Father, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be shown upon us;

As we do put trust in thee.

O God, Heavenly Father, from whom all good things do come, we thank thee for life and all its blessings, for religion and all its consolations, hopes, and joys; we thank thee for the life and doctrine, the death, resurrection, and ascension, of thy Son, Jesus Christ; for Christian faith and Christian fellowship. Grant us thy grace, that we may be truly grateful; that we may constantly serve thee on earth, and at last may be found meet to be partakers with the saints in light, through the great mediator and redeemer, Jesus Christ. Amen.

THIRD LITANY.

(From the Epistle to the Romans.)

O Thou, of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things, help us with one mind and one

mouth to glorify thee, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

O Thou, who art the God of patience and consolation, grant us to be like-minded one toward another according to Christ Jesus.

O Thou, who art the God of hope, fill us with all joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

May we be full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another.

May those that are strong bear the infirmities of the weak.

May we follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

Save us, we beseech thee, O Heavenly Father, from being conformed to this world, from thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, from being wise in our own conceits, from being overcome of evil, and enable us to overcome evil with good.

Hear us, good Lord.

If we have, at any time, held the truth in unrighteousness, if when we have known God we have not glorified him as God nor been thankful, if we have changed thy truth into a lie, and worshipped the creature more than the Creator;

Forgive us, we beseech thee, O our Father.

If we have not liked to retain thee in our thoughts, if we have despised thy goodness, forbearance, and

long-suffering ; if our heart has been impenitent and hard ; if we have dishonored thee by breaking thy law ;

Forgive us, we beseech thee, O our Father.

If the good which we would, we do not, and the evil which we would not, that we do ; if to will is present with us, but how to perform that which we will, we find not ; if, when we would do good, evil is present with us ; if we find a law in our members warring against the law of our mind and bringing us into captivity to the law of sin in our members ;

Help us, we beseech thee, O our Father.

Being justified by faith, may we have peace with thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

Shed thy love in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.

May the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus make us free from the law of sin and death, and make us walk, not after the flesh, but after the spirit ; may we not receive the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of adoption, whereby we call thee Father ;

Being led by thy Spirit, may we become thy children.

May nothing separate us from the love of Christ ; neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword ;

In all these, may we be more than conquerors through him who has loved us.

• May neither death nor life, nor angels nor powers,

nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any creature, separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.

May nothing separate us from thy love.

May we confess with our mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in our heart that God has raised him from the dead ;

May we believe with our heart unto righteousness, and confess with our mouth unto salvation.

We beseech thee, Heavenly Father, that we may be enabled to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to thee, being transformed by the renewing of our mind.

Whether we live, may we live unto the Lord ; and whether we die, may we die unto the Lord.

May our love be without dissimulation ; may we abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good ; be kindly affectioned one toward another ; not slothful in business, fervent in spirit ; rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer ; distributing to the necessities of our brethren, given to hospitality.

May we rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep.

May we render unto all their dues.

May we love our neighbor as ourselves.

May we cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light.

Awaken us, O Lord, from our sleep.

Now unto Him that has power to establish us ac-

ording to the Gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ ;

To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ, for ever. Amen.

FOURTH LITANY.

(From the Epistles to the Corinthians and Galatians.)

O THOU, who didst command the light to shine out of darkness, and hast shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, establish us in Christ and anoint us.

Seal us thine, O Lord, and give us the earnest of thy Spirit in our hearts.

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, give us grace and peace.

Confirm us unto the end, that we may be blameless in the day of the Lord Jesus.

O Thou, who wilt bring to light the things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the hearts, and whose Spirit searcheth all things, help us to renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, and to speak as of sincerity, as of God, and as in the sight of God.

Take away, Lord, the veil from our hearts, and let the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, the image of God, shine upon us.

May we not walk in craftiness, nor handle the word of God deceitfully; may we judge ourselves, and not be judged; may we keep under our body and bring it into subjection; may we watch, quit us like men, and be strong; and having the spirit of faith, may we believe and therefore speak.

Grant, O Lord, that we faint not; but though our outward man perish, may our inward man be renewed day by day.

May our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look, not at the things seen and temporal, but at the things not seen, but eternal.

Reveal to us, O Lord, by thy Spirit, what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

May we be enriched by thee with all utterance, and with all knowledge; may we be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment: may we be perfect, may we be of good comfort, may we ~~live~~ in peace;

May the God of love ~~and~~ peace be with us.

Help us to stand fast in the ~~liberty~~ wherewith Christ has made us free, and not be entangled again with any yoke of bondage; knowing that the kingdom of God is not meat nor drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.

May we be zealously affected always for that which is good.

Help us to show the fruits of the spirit ; love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.

If we live in the spirit, may we also walk in the spirit.

As we have opportunity, help us to do good to all men, and especially to those who are of the household of faith ; to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ ; to crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts ; to sow to the spirit, and of the spirit to reap life everlasting ; and not to be weary in well-doing, believing that we shall in due season reap, if we faint not.

FIFTH LITANY.

(From the Epistle to the Ephesians.)

O THOU, who art the one God and Father of all ; who art above all, and through all, and in us all ; who hast adopted us as children in Jesus Christ, thy Son, in whom we have redemption, even the forgiveness of our sins ; quicken us, we beseech thee, who have been dead in trespasses and sins.

O Thou, who art rich in mercy, for the sake of thy great love wherewith thou hast loved us, make us alive in Christ.

O God, our Father, the Father of glory, we pray thee to give us the spirit of wisdom and revelation

in the knowledge of thyself, that we may know the hope of thy calling, and the riches of thine inheritance, and the greatness of thy power, which thou hast wrought in Christ, when thou didst raise him from the dead and make him sit at thine own right hand in heavenly places.

We pray thee, to raise us up also, and make us sit in heavenly places with him.

O Thou, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, grant us to be strengthened with might by thy Spirit inwardly; that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that, being rooted and grounded in love, we may be able to understand the breadth and length, and depth and height of the love of Christ, and be filled with all the fulness of God.

Help us, Heavenly Father, to come in the unity of the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, to the stature of a perfect man, to the measure of the fulness of Christ.

Help us to walk, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; to put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and evil-speaking, with all malice.

May we be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, in Christ, hath forgiven us.

May we be followers of thee, as dear children, and walk in love, as Christ has loved us; redeeming the time; having the fruit of the spirit in all good-

ness and righteousness and truth ; speaking to ourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in our hearts unto the Lord.

May we give thanks, always, for all things, unto God our Father, in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Help us to be strong in thee and in the power of thy might ; to put on thy whole armor, that we may be able to stand in the evil day ; girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, our feet shod with the Gospel of peace, taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit.

Help us to pray always, with all prayer and supplication, in the spirit, and watch thereunto with all supplication and perseverance.

May peace be to all the brethren, and love, with faith, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.

SIXTH LITANY.

(From several of the Epistles of Paul.)

O God, our Heavenly Father, who hast loved us, and hast given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, we beseech thee to comfort our hearts and to establish us in every good word and work.

Hear us, O God, and direct our hearts into thy love and into the patient waiting of Christ.

O God, our Saviour, who wilt have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth, and hast manifested thyself to us, by the appearing of Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel, we beseech thee to hear us.

Give to us, O God, the spirit, not of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

O Thou, who art the blessed and only potentate; the King of kings and Lord of lords; who only hast immortality; dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen nor can see; to thee be honor and power everlasting.

We give thee thanks, O our Father, who hast made us meet to be partakers of the inheritances of the saints in light.

Thou hast delivered us from the power of darkness, and hast translated us into the kingdom of thy dear Son, in whom we have redemption, even the forgiveness of our sins.

May we therefore fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, following after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, and meekness.

We pray thee to forgive us, O God, if we have set our affections upon things below, instead of things above; if, professing to know thee, we have denied thee by our works; if through the love of money we have fallen into temptation and a snare; if we have

indulged those passions which war against the soul, or if we have done any thing through strife or vain-glory.

Forgive us, we beseech thee, these and all our sins.

May we work out our salvation with fear and trembling, not counting ourselves to have attained; may we forget the things which are behind, and reach forth unto those which are before; approving the things which are excellent, being sincere and without offence, filled with the fruits of righteousness, and doing all things without murmuring or disputing.

Grant that our conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ, and may the peace of God rule in our hearts.

May we watch and be sober; may we put on charity, which is the perfect bond; may we comfort one another, and edify one another; not returning evil for evil, but following ever that which is good; may we rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks; may we prove all things, hold fast that which is good, and abstain from all appearance of evil.

O God of peace, we pray thee to sanctify us wholly.

O God, if thou hast not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, preserve our spirit, soul, and body blameless unto his coming; and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all, for ever and ever. Amen.

SEVENTH LITANY.

(From the Epistles of James and John.)

O GOD, the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning ; from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift ; we ask of thee wisdom, who givest to all men liberally.

We would ask, O God, in faith, nothing wavering ; believing that, if we draw nigh to thee, thou wilt draw nigh to us.

O Almighty God, who canst not be tempted with evil, neither canst tempt any man ; we confess that we are drawn away by our own lusts and enticed ; but we beseech thee, O our Father, who art very pitiful and of tender mercy, who dost resist the proud, but givest grace to the humble, to hear the prayer of faith and raise us up.

If we have committed sins, may they be forgiven us ; if we have known to do good and done it not ; if we have been hearers of the word, and not doers also, deceiving our own selves ; forgive us, O God, and save us.

May we not have the faith of Jesus Christ with respect of persons ; may we not despise the poor ; may we not have faith without works, but show our faith by our works ; and, laying aside all that is impure, receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save our souls.

Help us to look into the perfect law of liberty, and continue therein, and so to receive the crown of life which the Lord has promised to them that love him.

Give us, Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

O Thou, who art light, and in whom is no darkness at all, may we walk in the light, and have fellowship with thee.

O Thou, who art love; may we dwell in love, and so dwell in thee; may our love be made perfect, and be free from all fear; may we be born of God, and overcome the world; may we keep thy commandments, and love thy children.

O God, grant that we love thee, not in word and tongue, but in deed and truth, and hereby know that we are of the truth, and assure our hearts before thee.

May we not love the world, nor the things which are in the world; may we remember that the world passes away, with all that is in it; and that if we love the world, the love of the Father is not in us.

Grant these our prayers, Heavenly Father, we beseech thee, for thine infinite mercies' sake, in Jesus Christ. Amen.

EIGHTH LITANY.

(From the Epistles of Peter.)

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ ;

To an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us.

O God, our Father, who hast redeemed us by the precious blood of Christ, and taught us to be holy as thou art holy : and who, without respect of persons, judgeth every man's work ;

Help us, we pray thee, to pass the time of our so-journing here in fear.

O God, the Father of Jesus Christ, whom, though not having seen, we love ; in whom, though now we see him not, believing, we rejoice ; who was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times ; make us, like him, holy in all manner of conversation.

Purify our souls in obeying the truth, through the spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren ; and may we love one another with pure hearts fervently.

O Thou, whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open to their prayers, but whose face is against them that do evil, make us all of one mind, having compassion one of another, loving as brethren

not rendering evil for evil, nor railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing.

Adorn us with the hidden man of the heart, with that which is not corruptible, with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

Add to our faith, virtue ; and to virtue, knowledge ; and to knowledge, temperance ; and to temperance, patience ; and to patience, godliness ; and to godliness, brotherly kindness ; and to brotherly kindness, charity.

May we all become a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God, and to show forth the praises of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light.

May we follow him who has suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his steps, and being dead to sin should live to righteousness ; when reviled, may we not revile again, but by well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men ; may we refrain our tongue from evil, and our lips that they speak no guile ; may we sanctify the Lord God in our hearts, so that all may be ashamed who falsely accuse our good conversation in Christ.

Grant, O Lord, that, if it be thy will, we may suffer for well-doing, rather than for evil-doing.

May the time past of our lives suffice us to have disobeyed thee ; for the time to come may we be sober and watch unto prayer ; may we have fervent charity among ourselves ; that God may in all things

be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion for ever and ever.

May the God of all grace, who hath called us to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that we have suffered for a while, make us perfect, establish strengthen, and settle us, and to him be glory and dominion for ever. Amen.

THE BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

AND Jesus took a child and set him in the midst ; and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children, in my name, receiveth me ; and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but Him that sent me.

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them ; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them ; but when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

MY FRIENDS : —

You have brought this child here to be baptized.

I ask, therefore,

Do you give this child to God, to Christ, and to the Church, that he may be God's child for ever ; and by this baptismal water, the ancient symbol of purity, do you express your desire that he should grow up amid the purifying influences of the Gospel, and come to Jesus through the medium of all Christian institutions and influences ?

Answer. We do.

Will you instruct him in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and exhort him to keep God's holy wil and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of his life ?

Answer. We will.

The child shall then be baptized, the Minister saying,—

I baptize thee into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

A prayer and hymn may follow, or precede, this service.

BAPTISM OF A CHILD. S. M.

To thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,

Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

O, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN. S. M.

To Him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to his breast,
We bring these children home.

To thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.

And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now.

THE BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

JESUS said, Go, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo! I am with you always, unto the end of the world.

Then Peter said, Repent and be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, as many as the Lord our God shall call.

The baptism which saveth us is not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God.

MY FRIEND AND BROTHER: —

You present yourself here, wishing to profess your faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God, and to unite with this Christian church.

I ask, therefore,

Do you trust in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God?

And is it your heart's desire and fervent wish to become a faithful disciple of our Lord and Saviour?

The person to be baptized having answered these questions in the affirmative, the Minister shall then baptize him by immersion or sprinkling, saying,—

I baptize thee into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

If the person baptized is to join the church, the Minister shall then say, the congregation rising,—

We then receive you gladly into our number; we welcome you to the communion of Christian hearts; we earnestly desire to sympathize with you, and will endeavor to watch over and support you, in the trials of life and the work of duty. And we engage to unite with you in the diligent use of all Christian ordinances, and to yield obedience to all truth which shall be made known to us as our duty, the Lord assisting us by his spirit and grace. And may God our Father grant that this union, formed on earth, may be continued in heaven, and fit us for the fellowship of the saints in light. Amen.

A prayer and hymn may follow this service.

NOTE.—This service, omitting the baptismal form, may also be used for admitting members into the church.

MATRIMONY.

When the parties to be married and their friends are assembled, the Minister shall say,—

MY FRIENDS, — We are met together, in the sight of God and of these brethren, to join this man and this woman in marriage, — which is a union appointed by God when he created man male and female, saying, It is not good for the man to be alone; laying its foundation deep in mutual adaptations of mind, heart, and character. It is a union hallowed by Jesus, not only by his presence and first miracle at Cana, but also by the constant influence of his religion, which purifies, elevates, and increases all its joys.

And therefore, since the Gospel makes the earthly union the means of a heavenly one, since it changes the water of life into wine, and makes the temporal tie the means of an eternal growth, progress, and joy, let us pray together for these our friends, asking that Christ may again be present as a guest at this marriage, and that they may be made by him meet helpers to each other in all things.

The Minister may then pray ; and afterwards he shall cause the man to take the right hand of the woman in his own right hand. Then shall the Minister say to the man, —

Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the estate of matrimony ? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy ; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live ?

The man shall answer, —

I will.

Then shall the Minister say to the woman, —

Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the estate of matrimony ? Wilt thou love him, comfort him, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy ; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live ?

The woman shall answer, —

I will.

The Minister shall then offer a prayer, and afterward say, —

Forasmuch as ——— and ——— have consented together in marriage, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, declaring their purpose by joining of hands, — I pronounce them to be man and wife ; and whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

He shall then add this blessing : —

And now may the Lord God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you. The Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you, and give you peace, now and for ever. Amen.

The following hymn may be sung by the friends before the benediction : —

MARRIAGE HYMN. L. M.

(Altered from the "Book of Hymns.")

For this new tie we bless thee, Lord !
To these dear friends in mercy given ;
For hearts, thus joined in one accord,
New bliss for earth, new hope for heaven.

Whene'er they tread on danger's height,
Or walk temptation's slippery way,
Be still, to lead their souls aright,
Thy word their guide, thine arm their stay !

Be theirs thy blessed presence still,
United hearts, unchanging love,
No thought that contradicts thy will,
No wish that centres not above !

And since they must be parted here,
Support them when the hour shall come,
Dry gently thou the mourner's tear,
Rejoin them in their heavenly home.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.*

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES.

CHRIST, our passover, is sacrificed for us : therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only

* We strongly recommend, that, instead of the more usual practice of administering the Lord's Supper at the close of the morning's service, a special meeting be held for this purpose on Sunday afternoon, wherever it be practicable. This custom, which has been adopted by some of our churches, has been found to possess several advantages. The mind is not fatigued by a previous service; there is no necessity for hurrying through the service for want of time; and, as those only are present who either intend to commune or to remain as sympathizing witnesses, the disagreeable sight of a retreating congregation is avoided. We may also be allowed to recommend, from our own experience, that the hymns be sung by the communicants themselves, and not by a choir; and that the communicants take their places together, near the table. If the Communion be thus made an occasion by itself, this service will probably not be found too long; otherwise, a part may be omitted, at the discretion of the Minister.

begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, — no one cometh to the Father but by him.

He is the Door, — by him if any man enter in, he shall be saved; and go in and out and find pasture.

He is the good Shepherd, — the good Shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.

He is the true Vine, and his Father is the husbandman. Let us abide in him, and he is in us. We cannot bear fruit of ourselves, except we abide in the vine. If we abide in him, and his words abide in us, we shall ask what we will, and it shall be done unto us.

Let us keep his commandments, and continue in his love, that his joy may remain in us, and that our joy may be full.

Let us watch and be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation.

For God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, — who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with him.

Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which holdeth by that within the veil; whither our forerunner has gone in for us, even Jesus;

Who, because he continueth for ever, hath an everlasting priesthood, and is able to save to the utter-

most those who come to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Such a High-Priest we needed ; holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens.

For we have not a High-Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like ourselves, yet without sin.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

The Communicants may then sing the following hymn, or any other which may be selected.

8s. and 7s. M.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Then may follow an address, at the discretion of the Minister ; after which he shall read the following verses from 1 Cor. xi. 23 - 29 : —

For I have received of the Lord, that which also I delivered unto you. That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread :

and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said TAKE, EAT : THIS IS MY BODY, WHICH IS BROKEN FOR YOU : THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, THIS CUP IS THE NEW COVENANT IN MY BLOOD : THIS DO YE, AS OFT AS YE DRINK IT, IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come. — But let a man examine himself, and so eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

LITANY.

Minister. Let us bow our knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, from whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named ; that He would grant us, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man ; that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith ; that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God.

People. We thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that in Christ Jesus we who were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ ; that through him we have access by the Spirit to thee, our Fa-

ther ; that we are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.

Minister. We thank thee, that we are builded together for a habitation of God, through the Spirit, on Jesus Christ himself, the chief corner-stone ; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord.

People. We do not come to this thy table trusting in our own righteousness, but in thy manifold and great mercy. We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under thy table, but we come confiding in thy forgiving goodness and in thy reconciling love.

Minister. Help us, therefore, to examine ourselves, and to humble ourselves before thee ; confessing our sins ; and laying down our transgressions before thy footstool.

People. Yet let us draw near with a true heart, with full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and having strength in our souls to give ourselves wholly to thee.

Minister. For this is the new covenant which God makes with us by Jesus Christ. He puts his law into our hearts, and writes it in our minds, and remembers our sins no more. Let us, therefore, brethren, have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, — looking unto him, the author and finisher of our faith, — lifting up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees. For we have not come to the mount which

burned with fire ; nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest ;

People. But we have come unto Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, to God the Judge of all, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant.

Minister. Wherefore, we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.

The Communicants may then sing again, the following hymn, or any other which may be selected.

7s. M.

Bread of Heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed :
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

Vine of Heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life ! O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built, on thee !

Or, omitting the hymn, the Minister may proceed at once to read as follows : —

Ye, who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the commands of God, and walking from henceforth in his holy way, draw near with faith, and take this holy ordinance to your comfort, and make your humble confession to Almighty God, meekly kneeling on your knees.

General Confession, to be made by Minister and People together : —

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men ; we acknowledge and lament our manifold sins, which we from time to time most grievously have committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy Divine Majesty ; against our Master Jesus Christ, against our own souls, and against our brethren. We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for all these sins of action and omission. The remembrance of them is grievous unto us. The burden is greater than we can bear. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father. In the name of thy Son Jesus Christ we beseech thee to forgive us all that is past ; and grant that we may ever hereafter serve and please thee in newness of life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then the Minister may read some of these verses :—

Hear what words of comfort our Saviour says to all who desire his help.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

The bread of God is he that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world.

I am the living bread, which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.

Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.

He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me, and I in him.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

Then may follow this prayer : —

Heavenly Father, we pray thee to fill this church with holy awe, while we seal the vows of a new obedience. May we examine ourselves, and so eat of this bread and drink of this cup. May we remember that to come together in one place, without coming together in one faith, hope, and love, is not to eat the Lord's Supper. Bless, then, this bread and wine, — that the bread, symbol of strength, may be the occasion and means, while we partake it together, of our receiving a common strength in our souls, — that the wine, symbol of joy, may be the means, when we receive it, of entering anew into thy reconciling love and peace. May our minds be fed with the knowledge of Jesus Christ; may his action and suffering, his life and death, his holy virtue and divine patience, his body and his blood, enter into us, and become a part of our own lives. So may the cup of blessing which we bless be to us the communion of the blood of Christ; and the bread which we break be the communion of the body of Christ. So likewise may we become the body of Christ, and members one of another. May we, being many, be one bread and one body, partaking all of that one bread. In this hour may nothing separatē us, but may we all be one, — as thou, Father, art in Christ, and he in thee, that we also may be one, — thou in him, and he in us. So may we be perfectly at one with thee our God, with our Saviour, and with each other, according to his holy

prayer ; which we offer anew in his spirit and in his name. Amen.

Minister. Lift up your hearts.

Answer. We lift them up unto the Lord.

Minister. Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.

Answer. It is meet and right so to do.

Minister. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God ;

Minister and People together.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name ; evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord, most high. Amen.

Then the Minister shall read as follows : —

As they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body. And he took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it ; for this is my blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

He may then offer an extempore prayer. After which he may break and distribute the bread, and

hand the cup to the People. And in handing the bread he may say, —

Take and eat this in remembrance of Christ.

And when he hands the cup, he may say, —

Drink this in remembrance of Christ

When all have received the Communion, a hymn may be sung, and at the close the following anthem may be said by the Minister and People : —

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we give thanks to thee, for the various manifestations of thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

We bless thee for sending thy beloved Son into the world to save sinners ; for exalting him unto thy right hand in heaven ; for all the gifts and graces of thy holy spirit ; and for the hope of eternal life.

For thou only art wise and holy and good ; thou only art the Lord ; thou only dost govern all things, both in heaven and earth. Therefore, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto thee, who sittest upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

BENEDICTION.

And now may the Lord God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, now and for ever. Amen.

ORDER OF SERVICES

AT THE

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

The services may be introduced by singing a hymn.

My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him : for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for he chastens us not for his pleasure, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby.

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting ; for the heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, and by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

Man, that is born of woman, is of a few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. For what is our life? It is even as a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Here may follow an address or remarks.

Passages from the 39th and 90th Psalms.

PSALM XXXIX.

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly, my hope is even in thee.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears consider my calling; hold not thy peace at my tears;

For I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen.

PSALM XC.

LORD, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or a watch in the night.

As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as a dream, and fade away suddenly like the grass ;

In the morning it is green, and groweth up ; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten ; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow ; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us. For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

We know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect shall come, then that which is in part shall be done away. Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain: for the former things are passed away.

Then shall follow an extempore prayer

The following may be read at the grave.

I WOULD not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For he does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men.

We must work the work of him that sent us while it is day; the night cometh, in which no man can work.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.

If our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We are willing, therefore, to be absent from the body and present with the Lord; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So

also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption ; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory ; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power ; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

A prayer and a hymn may be added here.

The peace of God, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, be with your spirits. Amen.

SENTENCES

WHICH MAY BE READ WHILE A COLLECTION
FOR THE POOR IS TAKEN UP.

LET your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal : but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them ; for this is the law and the prophets.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

He that soweth little shall reap little ; and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously. Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart ; not grudgingly nor of necessity ; for God loveth a cheerful giver.

While we have time let us do good unto all men, and specially unto those that are of the household of faith.

Godliness is great riches, if a man be content with that he hath : for we brought nothing into the world, neither may we carry any thing out.

Charge those who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give, and glad to distribute : laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may attain eternal life.

God is not unrighteous, that he will forget your works and labor that proceedeth of love ; which love ye have showed for his name's sake, who have ministered unto the saints, and yet do minister.

To do good, and to communicate, forget not : for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him ?

Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man ; and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee.

Be merciful after thy power : if thou hast much, give plenteously : if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little : for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord ; and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again.

Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy : the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

OCCASIONAL PRAYERS AND COLLECTS *

CONFESSION OF SIN.

O ALMIGHTY God, and most merciful Father, unto whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid ; with simplicity and godly sincerity would we seek thee, confessing our unthankfulness, and our manifold offences. We deplore the sins which we have at any time committed, in thought or affection, in word or deed, against each other and against thee. And we humbly beseech thee, through thy mercy declared unto us by thy Son Jesus Christ, to look graciously upon us, and forgive us, and assist us to lay aside every weight, and the sins which so easily beset us ; to mortify our evil and corrupt affections, and to subdue every thought and desire to the obedience of the Gospel. May we be convinced, O God, that till we know thee, we know nothing aright ; that without thee, we have nothing of any worth ; and in wandering from thee, we leave all that is truly good. Let us cast ourselves into the

* Taken from the third edition of the King's Chapel Liturgy.

arms of thy mercy, and offer thee our whole being, our bodies and our souls, that they may be thy temple for ever. And wilt thou take us, O Lord, entirely into thy hands, with all that we have, and let nothing henceforward, either in life or death, ever separate us from thee any more. Amen.

PRAYER FOR AID AGAINST PERIL.

O THOU great Author of our being, who knowest all our wants, and who alone art able to supply them; who perceivest all the dangers and evils to which we are exposed, and who alone canst defend us; whither shall we go but unto thee! We pray thee to compassionate our weakness, to guard us in peril, to direct us in doubt, and to save us from falling into sin. In every exposure may thy shield be over us. From the evil that is around and within us, graciously deliver us. Make the path of duty plain before us, and keep us in it even unto the end.

Heavenly Father, we beseech thee to watch over us this night, and preserve us from all harm. In the night of affliction and trouble may we look up unto thee, and be comforted with the assurance that thou wilt hereafter wipe away all tears from our eyes. And when we come to the dark valley of the shadow of death, be thou our guide and comforter, and bring us to the regions of endless day.

O God, we commit ourselves entirely to thy disposal; and whether we enjoy, or suffer, or live, or

die, may we be mercifully accepted as thy children, and disciples of thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

INTERCESSIONS.

O THOU who art our Creator, Preserver, Governor, and Judge, we beseech thee to regard with thy favor all thy creatures, and to show thy mercy on all orders and conditions of men. Bless, we pray thee, all our rulers ; all those whose duty it is to administer justice ; all who are in places of authority and trust. May our land be ever favored of the Most High God ; the abode of freedom, religion, virtue, truth, and peace. Let thy mercy descend upon thy whole Church ; purify it by thy spirit, and preserve it against all temptations and enemies ; that, offering to thee the never-ceasing sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving, it may advance thy honor, and be filled with thy grace, and partake of thy glory. Bless all its ministers, and clothe them with righteousness. Bless the means of education, and the instructors of youth. Enlighten the ignorant ; convert the unbelieving ; relieve and comfort all the persecuted and afflicted ; speak peace to troubled consciences ; strengthen the weak ; confirm the strong ; deliver the oppressed from him who spoileth him, and succor the needy who hath no helper. Redeem man, O God, from slavery, superstition, and crime ; send light, liberty, and peace over the whole earth ; and let the sun of righteousness arise upon all nations, with healing in his beams.

Hear our supplications, which we humbly address to thee in the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour, who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and through whom we render unto thee all honor and glory for ever. Amen.

THANKSGIVING.

O LORD, merciful and gracious, we, thy dependent offspring, would now humbly and sincerely thank thee, because thou hast given us life, and by thy bountiful providence hast always nourished, directed, and governed us. For our reason, education, and religion ; for all the gifts of nature, and of grace ; for our Saviour, Christ ; for our redemption, and instruction in the truth ; for thy repeated calls to us ; for all the patience which has waited for us, and all the mercy which has spared us ; for all the enjoyments of this present life, and for all thy promises, and all our hopes of a better life to come, we bless and magnify thy holy name. And grant, O Lord, that thy mercies may be followed by our obedience ; and that we may so walk in the light of thy favor, and in the paths of thy commandments, that, living here to thy praise, we may at last be received to thyself, to rejoice for ever in thy presence ; which we ask in the name, and as disciples, of him who died that we might live, through whom to thee be ascribed all thanksgiving and praise, both now and for ever. Amen.

CONCLUDING PRAYER.

ETERNAL and all-seeing God, we thy creatures sink into nothing before thy supreme majesty ; we feel our weakness ; we acknowledge our folly ; we repeatedly bewail our sins ; thee only we adore with awful veneration ; thee we thank with fervent zeal ; to thy power we humbly submit ; of thy goodness we devoutly implore protection ; on thy wisdom we firmly and cheerfully rely. Whenever we address thee, O Father, if our prayers are unwise, wilt thou pity us ; if they are presumptuous, wilt thou pardon us ; if acceptable to thee, grant them, all-powerful God ; and as we now express our submission to thy decrees, adore thy providence, and bless thy dispensations, so, in that future state to which we reverently hope thy goodness will raise us, may we continue praising, venerating, worshipping thee, more and more, through worlds without number, and ages without end. Amen.

O God, the eternal source of wisdom and purity, from whom all good counsels, all holy desires, and all just works do proceed ; we offer up our humble prayers unto thee, beseeching thee to enlighten our minds and sanctify our hearts by thy heavenly truth. What we know not, teach thou us ; whatever is amiss in us, dispose us to reform ; whatever in us is good assist us to carry forwards to perfection ; which we

ask in the name and as disciples of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid ; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

ASSIST us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help, that, in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GRANT, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may through thy grace be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth in us the fruit of good living, to the honor and praise of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

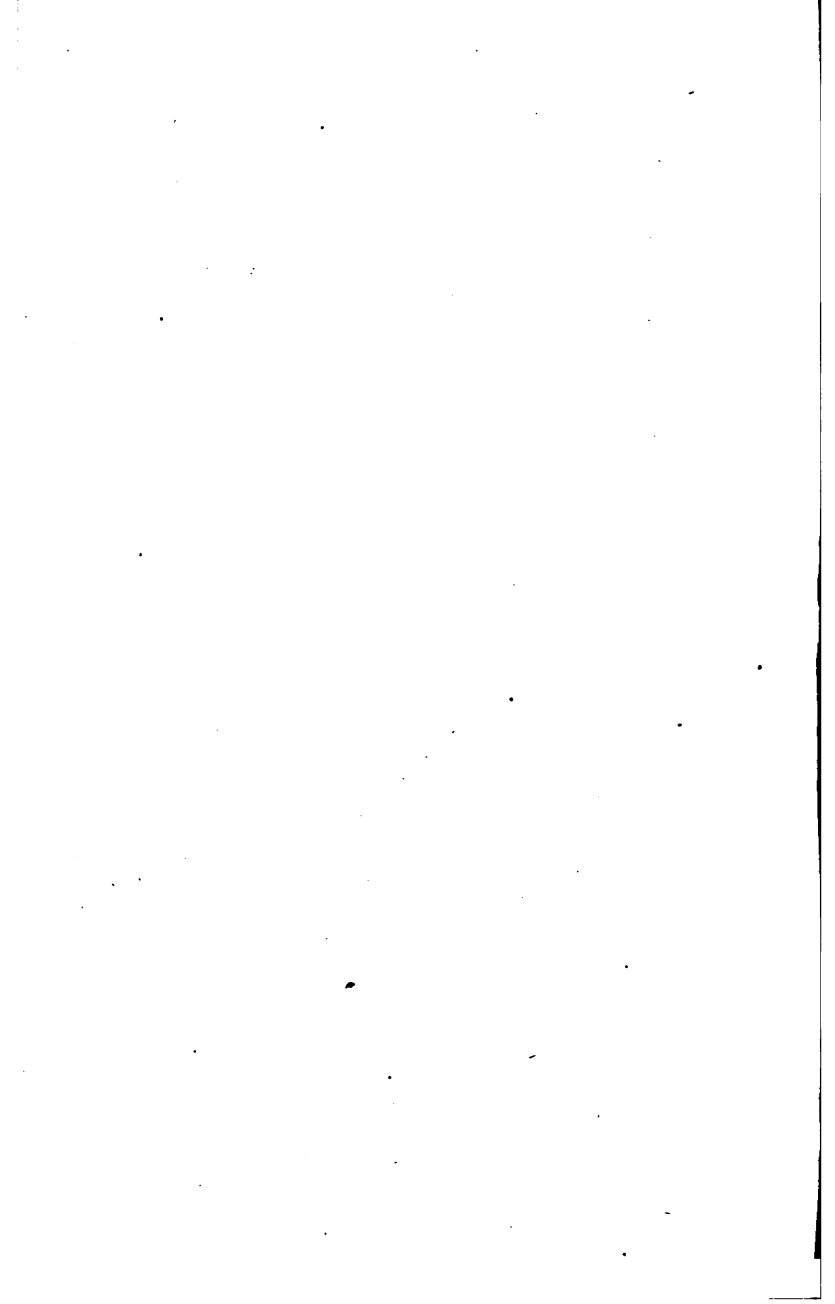
O God, the Father of light and of wisdom ; may our minds be enlightened with useful knowledge ; and may the truths of religion sink deep into our hearts, and influence all our actions. From a stead-

fast faith in thy perfections, may we maintain a constant regard to thine administration; submit with cheerfulness to thine appointments; live in thy fear and order our whole conversation as in thy sight. Under the influence of our holy religion, may we purify our minds from all vicious affections, abstain from every appearance of evil, and abound in all the fruits of righteousness. May the expectation of a happy immortality sustain our virtue in the midst of the most powerful temptations, and establish our souls in peace and joy; for the sake of thine infinite mercy in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O God, the Author of nature, the Source of all power, wisdom, and happiness, whose energy sustains, whose presence animates, and whose gracious influence blesses the universe; assist us, we beseech thee, to form worthy apprehensions of thy nature and character, and, as far as our faculties will permit, to become acquainted with thy perfections and providence. And let our conceptions of thee produce in us the sentiments of veneration, gratitude and submission, and lead us to a diligent imitation of thy moral perfections, and a constant obedience to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE END.

THE
DISCIPLES' HYMN BOOK.



THE
DISCIPLES' HYMN BOOK.

A Collection of Hymns

FOR
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

James

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—Paul

Sixth Edition, with Additions and Alterations. —

BOSTON:
H. B. FULLER AND COMPANY,

SUCCESSORS TO WALKER, FULLER, & COMPANY.

1868.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE present edition of the Disciples' Hymn Book is materially changed from that printed in 1844.

The objects of this edition of the Hymn Book are two : first, to be used in Social Worship for singing ; secondly, to be used in private and at home as a Book of Devotion.

The hymns in this book which are intended to be sung are of the usual metres, and are the best of those with which we are familiar from Watts and Doddridge, Wesley and Cowper, Montgomery and Heber, Bowring and Pierpont.

Beside these, this collection contains a large number of hymns which are not intended to be sung. They are to be read ; in the closet, the family, the church. They are intended to awaken devotional sentiment, and are taken from the best poetry of the best writers. Many

of these pieces are of metres not adapted to singing. Some of them will be probably new to the majority of those who may use this book ; but, whether from Roman Catholic or Protestant writers, we trust they will be found to breathe a deep and pure spirit of Christian piety, and to manifest a broad range of Christian experience. The importance of these qualities in a Hymn Book can scarcely be over-estimated. The famous saying of Fletcher of Saltoun may be varied thus : " Let me make the Hymns of the church, and I care not who makes its Creeds."

Boston, October, 1855.

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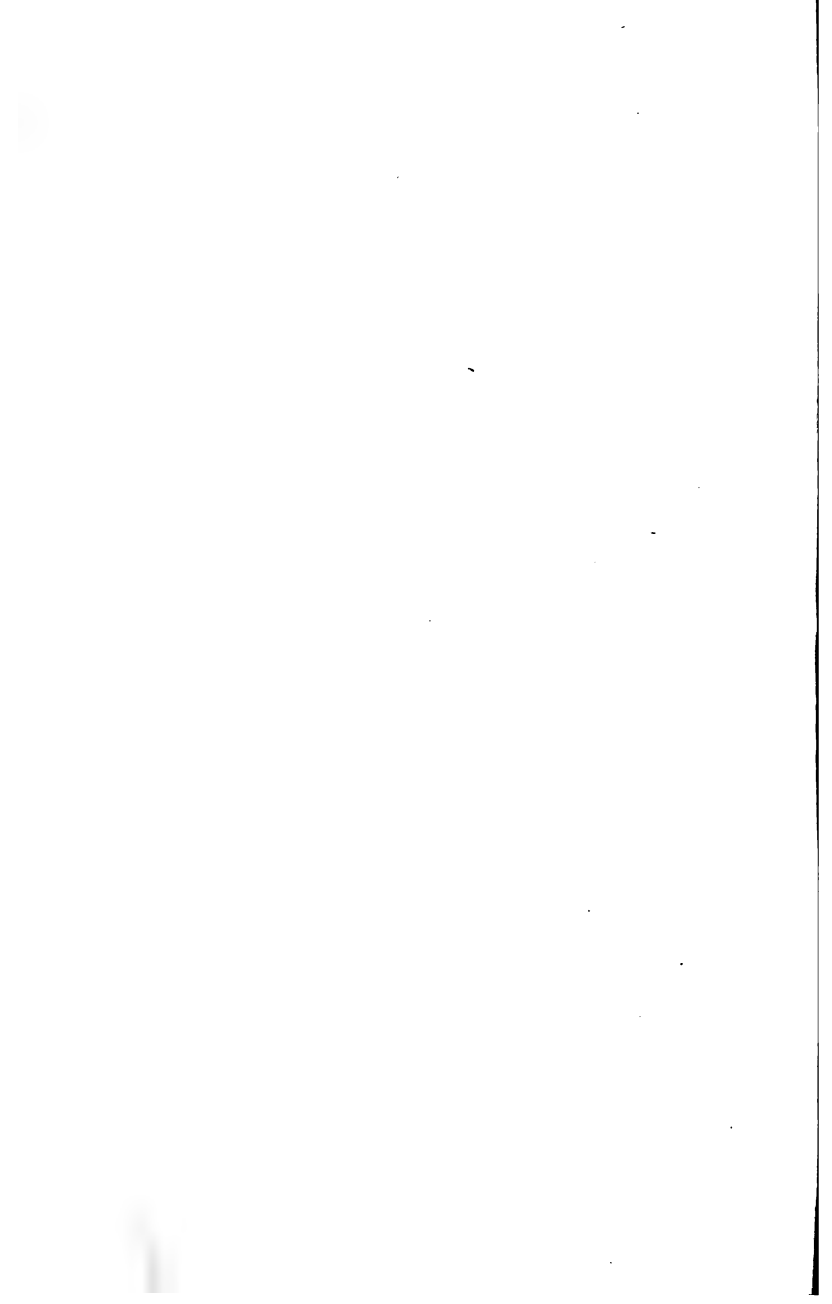
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Morning and Evening.

1

L. M.

BISHOP KENN.

Morning Resolutions.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice
- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Morning. . . . Light of the Gospel.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way !
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just !
 Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given !
 O, may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven !
- 5 I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey ;
 Send thy good Spirit from above,
 To guide me, lest I stray !

6 While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad,
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God !

3

L. M.

HAWKESWORTH.

Morning. . . . Prayer for Protection.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely passed the silent night :
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
 My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
 Where dangers press around my head !
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes :
 Thy light shall give eternal day ;
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

Morning. . . . Prayer for Guidance.

- 1 God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;
- 2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come ;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away !

- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

6

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Morning. . . . God's Care.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'Tis thine, my God, — the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis thine — my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
 'T would there my steps attend,
 Guide with the staff my lonely way,
 And with the rod defend.

5 May that sure hand uphold me still
 Through life's uncertain race,
 To bring me to thy holy hill,
 And to thy dwelling-place.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials or its cares,
 O Father ! till my life shall end,
 Be thou my counsellor and friend ;
 Teach me thy statutes all divine,
 And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
 And wearied nature seeks repose,
 With pardoning mercy richly blest,
 Guard me, my Father, while I rest :
 And as each morning sun shall rise,
 O lead me onward to the skies !
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
 My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
 Father, thy heavenly radiance shed,
 To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
 And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
 To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

8

7s M.

- BOWRING.

Morning or Evening. . . . All from God.

- 1 FATHER ! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide !
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied ;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by ;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;
Every moon that shines serene ;
Every morn that welcomes day ;
Every evening's twilight scene ;
Every hour which wisdom brings ;
Every incense at thy shrine ;
These, — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are thine.
- 3 And for all my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne :
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, righteous One !
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 THEY who on the Lord rely
Safely dwell though danger's nigh;
Lo! his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain Temptation's wily snare,
Christians are Jehovah's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and Love have nought to fear.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night;
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

11

10s M.

LYTE.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 ABIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide,
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpers, O, abide with me !
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away :
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O, Thou who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour :
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

12

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT GOD, whose bounteous care
 O'er all thy works is shown,
 O let my grateful praise and prayer
 Ascend before thy throne !

- 2 What mercies has this day bestowed !
How largely hast thou blest !
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free ;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings !
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this poor body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O, may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him, ye angels round his throne ;
Praise God, the high and holy one !

14

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away ;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within ;
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

15

C. M.

BOWRING.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn ;
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim !

Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature, — a temple worthy thee,
That beams with light and love ;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above ;
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore ;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar ;

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours ;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers ;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,
In glorious luxury given ;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

4 On all thou smil'st ; and what is man
Before thy presence, God ?
A breath, but yesterday inspired,
To-morrow but a clod.
That clod shall mingle in the vale,
But, kindled, Lord, by thee,
The spirit to thine arms shall spring,
To life, to liberty.

16

L. M.

WATTS

Evening Hymn.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days !
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head :
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O, may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart !

17

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Sabbath Evening.

- 1 THERE is a time when moments flow
More happily than all beside ;
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath at the eventide.

- 2 O then the setting sun shines fair,
 And all below and all above
 The various forms of Nature wear —
 One universal garb of love.
- 3 And then the peace that Jesus brought,
 The life of grace eternal beams,
 And we, by his example taught,
 Improve the life his love redeems.
- 4 Delightful scene ! a world at rest ;
 A God all love ; no grief, no fear ;
 A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
 A smile, unsullied by a tear :

Night.

- 1 O'ER silent field, and lonely lawn,
 Her dusky mantle Night hath drawn ;
 At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour,
 In man his better soul hath power.
- 2 The passions are at peace within,
 And still each stormy thought of sin ;
 The yielding bosom, overawed,
 Breathes love to man and love to God.

19

L. M.

KEBLE.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 O, **TIMELY** happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleams of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

20

11 & 10s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee,
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord ! we lift our thankful hearts to thee.

- 2 To thee, whose word, the fount of light unsealing,
 When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
 Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
 And bade the even and morn complete the day.
- 3 Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us
 Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still ·
 Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
 And lead us safely to thy holy hill.
- 4 In vain to labor, unless thou be with him,
 Man goeth forth through all the weary day ;
 In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,
 Unless thy staff bring comfort on his way.
- 5 Thou who hast made the north and south, watch
 o'er us ;
 Thou in whose name the lonely ones rejoice,
 Still let thy cloudy pillar glide before us,
 Still let us listen for thy warning voice.
- 6 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
 And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
 Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
 Through all the long bright day to dwell with thee.

- 1 O THOU true life of all that live !
 Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway ;
 Who dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day ;

- 2 Thy light upon our evening pour, —
So may our souls no sunset see ;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

22

7s M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Dews and Tears.

- 1 GENTLY fall the dews of eve,
Raising still the languid flowers ;
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve
O'er a mourner's stricken hours.
- 2 Blessed tears and dews that yet
Lift us nearer unto heaven !
Let us still his praise repeat,
Who in mercy all hath given.

23

7s M.

ST. GREGORY.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night, and morning ray,
Took from thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry.

3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
Draw our souls to earth again.

4 Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

Prayer at Morning and Evening

1 To prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes :
His light is on all below and above, —
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

2 To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on :
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose ;
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

25

6 & 5s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 O THOU who hearest prayer,
 Through his submission
 Who did our sorrows bear,
 Hear our petition :
 Lead us in thine own way ;
 Grant us, we humbly pray,
 For all our sins this day,
 Holy contrition.
- 2 They shall lie down in peace,
 Lord, whom thou keepest ;
 Thy mercies never cease ;
 Thou never sleepest ;
 Guard us till morning's ray,
 Bid us again essay
 Who shall pour forth the lay
 Loudest and deepest.

26

P. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Evening Aspiration.

- 1 God that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light !
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night !
 May thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night !

Give us Our Daily Bread.

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell ;
O, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.
- 2 " Day by day," the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, our times are in thy hand ;
All our sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to thine.
- 4 Thou our daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to thee we live ;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.
- 5 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Glowing yet with gratitude !

28

10s M.

JONES VERY.

God's Fatherly Care.

- 1 FATHER ! there is no change to live with thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.
- 2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within ;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.
- 3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend ;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

29

10s M.

JONES VERY.

God not Afar Off.

- 1 FATHER ! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
- 2 In finding thee are all things round us found !
In losing thee are all things lost beside !
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

- 3 Open our eyes that we that world may see ;
 Open our ears that we thy voice may hear ;
 And in the spirit-land may ever be,
 And feel thy presence with us always near ;
- 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
 No more to suffer death or earthly change ;
 But, with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
 Through all thy vast, eternal scenes to range.

The Light of Stars.

- 1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
 Down around the weary world
 Falls the darkness ; O, how still
 Is the working of his will !
- 2 Mighty spirit, ever nigh !
 Work in me as silently ;
 Veil the day's distracting sights,
 Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living stars to view be brought
 In the boundless realms of thought ;
 High and infinite desires,
 Flaming like those upper fires !
- 4 Holy Truth, eternal Right,
 Let them break upon my sight ;
 Let them shine serene and still,
 And with light my being fill.

31

S. M.

BRIGGS' COLL.

Seasons for Prayer.

- 1 COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray ;
And, finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

32

7s M.

CONDER.

● *Give Thanks unto the Lord.*

- 1 O, GIVE thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food :
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours !

2 O, give thanks to nature's King,
 Who made every breathing thing;
 His our warm and sentient frame;
 His the mind's immortal flame;
 O, how close the ties that bind
 Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 O, give thanks with heart and lip,
 For we are his workmanship,
 And all creatures are his care;
 Not a bird that cleaves the air
 Falls unnoticed; — but who can
 Speak the Father's love to man!

4 O, give thanks for him who came,
 In a mortal, suffering frame,
 Temple of the Deity; —
 Came to bear our souls on high;
 In the path himself hath trod,
 Leading back his saints to God.

Morning Prayer.

1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,
 Implore we, bending low,
 That he, the Uncreated Light,
 May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
 Nor thoughts that idly rove,
 But simple truth be on our tongue.
 And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
 O, Christ, securely fence
 Our gates beleaguered by the foe, —
 The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
 Our daily toil may tend ;
 That we begin it at thy word,
 And in thy favor end.

34

10s M.

Watches of the Night and Day.

1 FATHER, the watches of the night are o'er,
 To light and life the soul has risen once more ;
 Blessed be thou, who through the helpless hours
 Hast kept in deepest peace her slumbering powers.

2 Father, the watches of the day are near ; —
 More than from those of night have we to fear ;
 By rude cares troubled, and by woes oppress,
 Through the DAY-WATCHES, Father, give us rest.

Introduction and Close of Public Worship.

35

L. M.

SALISBURY COL.

The House of God.

- 1 Lo, God is here ! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing :
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill !
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will !

INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP. 36, 37

36

L. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Seeking a Blessing.

- 1 GREAT God ! the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat
To worship thee, the holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.
- 2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day !
O, give thy people joy and peace !
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor, that shall never cease.
- 3 We seek the truth that Jesus brought ;
His path of light we long to tread ;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.
- 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound ;
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

37

L. M.

HEBER.

The Altar's Shade.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain ;
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ,
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Longing for the House of Prayer.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples, are !
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest,
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest :
 My spirit faints,
 With equal zeal -
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.

- 3 O, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O, happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill !
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O, glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !
- 5 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :
Thrice happy he,
O, God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee !

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy !
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name !
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Thou, Lord, art good ; thou, Lord, art kind ;
Great is thy grace, thy mercy sure ;
And the whole race of men shall find
Thy truth from age to age endure.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity, thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

40

S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

- 1 Come to the house of prayer,
O, thou afflicted, come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all, —
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call, —
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

Surrounding the Mercy Seat.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation? —
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

42

6 & 4s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King !
Help us thy name to sing ;
Help us to praise !
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days !
- 2 COME, thou all-gracious Lord !
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend !
Come, and thy children bless ;
Give thy good word success ;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend !
- 3 NEVER from us depart ;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore !
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore !

Truth and Love.

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received —
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.
- 4 Send down its angel to our side —
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

The Rich and Poor Meet Together.

- 1 Come the rich, and come the poor,
To the Christian temple door ;
Let their mingled prayers ascend
To the Universal Friend.

2 Here the rich and poor may claim
Common ancestry and name ;
Claim a common heritage
In the Gospel's promise page.

3 Of the same materials wrought ;
By the same Instructor taught ;
Walking in life's common way ;
Tending to the same decay ; —

4 Rich and poor at last shall meet
At the heavenly mercy-seat,
Where the name of rich and poor
Never shall be uttered more.

45

C. M.

FROTHINGHAM

The Church.

1 O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun,
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

2 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff,
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat
Through sorrows and through scars ;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

4 O, may he walk among us here,
 With his rebuke and love, —
 A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
 A ray from worlds above.

Invoking a Blessing.

- 1 LORD ! when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And, when thou hearest, O forgive !

- 2 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
 Still, by the power of his great name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

- 3 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King
 When children's voices raise that song,
 Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
 And heaven with earth the strain prolong,

- 4 That glory never hence depart !
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

47

S. M.

METHODIST COL.

The Presence of Christ.

1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim !
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name :
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove ;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
We meet, the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art ;
But, O, thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel !
O, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love !

48

C. M.

METHODIST COL.

Desiring to Meet with Christ.

- 1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait, according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

49

L. M.

WATTS.

Preparation for Religious Worship.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

- 3 When I can say that God is mine,
 When I can see thy glories shine,
 I tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
 To cheer me in this barren land ;
 And in thy temple let me know
 The joys that from thy presence flow.

50

C. M.

WATTS.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind ;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear ;
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground ;
 But God abhors the sacrifice
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere ;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

51

7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

Engagedness in Devotion.

- 1 LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels ;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thy house
We resign our earth-born cares :
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

52

C. M.

BOWRING.

Pure Worship.

- 1 THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.
- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute but the vow sincere,
The tribute of the good.

- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
 If sanctified by thee ;
 If thy pure spirit touch my breast
 With its own purity.
- 4 O, may that spirit warm my heart
 To piety and love,
 And to life's lowly vale impart
 Some rays from heaven above.

53

7s M.

BOWRING.

Humble Worship.

- 1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel
 Filled with awe and holy fear,
 Teach us, O our God, to feel
 All thy sacred presence near.
- 2 Check each proud and wandering thought
 When on thy great name we call ;
 Man is nought, is less than nought ;
 Thou, our God, art all in all.
- 3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
 In this vale of darkness dwell ;
 Yet presume to look to thee
 'Midst thy light ineffable.
- 4 O, receive the praise that dares
 Seek thy heaven-exalted throne ;
 Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
 Infinite and holy One !

Invocation.

- 1 O, bow thine ear, eternal One ;
On thee our heart adoring calls ;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Bend low within these sacred walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept,
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept, —
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

55

C. M.

BRYANT.

Exploring the Compassion of God.

- 1 O God, whose dread and dazzling brow
Love never yet forsook,
On those who seek thy presence now,
In deep compassion look ; —
- 2 For many a frail and erring heart
Is in thy holy sight,
And feet too willing to depart
From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,
And kind to all that live,
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace
Our truest bliss to find,
Nor sternly judge our erring race,
So feeble and so blind.

56

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

The Seed of the Word.

- 1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ; —

- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
 And plunderers of the air ;
 The sultry sun's intenser heat,
 And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
 Do thou thy grace supply ;
 The hope in earthly furrows sown
 Shall ripen in the sky.

Adoration.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
 Be thy glorious name adored :
 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
 Deign our humble songs to hear ;
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be ;
 All shall join in harmony ;
 That through heaven's capacious round
 Praise to thee may ever sound.
- 4 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
 Holy, holy. holy Lord !
 Be thy glorious name adored.

58

S. M.

WATTS.

Praise from all Nations.

- 1 **THY** name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honors spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

59

8 & 7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Dismission.

- 1 **LORD !** dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love :
Still support us
While in duty's path we move.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found !

A Blessed Gospel.

- 1 **BLEST** are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives :
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

Future Glory of the Church.

- 1 **ON** thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine ;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star ;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.
- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

62

C. M.

CAPPE'S SEL.

Prayer for Divine Direction.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God.

63

S. M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

Gospel Exhortations.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come !
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come !

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
 O, let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life;
 'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, " I quickly come : "
 Lord, even so ! I wait thine hour ;
 Jesus, my Saviour, come !

Invitations of Jesus.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come and make my paths your choice :
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
 Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care :
 A wounded spirit who can bear ?

5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound ;
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

65

10s M.

BECKFORD.

A Prayer.

- 1 LIKE the low murmur of a secret stream,
 Which through dark alders takes its shaded way,
 My suppliant voice is heard. Ah ! do not deem
 That on vain toys my life is thrown away.
- 2 In the recesses of the lonely vale,
 On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
 Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
 I wander lonely, communing with God.
- 3 When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
 Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking
 frame,
 Wilt thou to me that sacred peace impart,
 Which soothes the invokers of thine awful name !
- 4 O, all-creating Spirit, sacred beam !
 Parent of life and light, supernal power !
 Grant me, through obvious clouds, one transient
 gleam
 Of thy bright essence in my dying hour.

Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 COME, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel grace :
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God ;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence ;
- 3 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, " Why such love to me ! "
- 4 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love !

Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you,
 'T is the spirit's struggling beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden;
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name—
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

68

8 & 7s M.

S. F. ADAMS.

Parting Hymn.

1 PART in peace! is day before us?
 Praise his name for life and light;
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
 Bless his care who guards the night.

2 Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
 Tranquil memory to the dead.

3 Part in peace ! such are the praises
 God our Maker loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Universal Worship.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue !
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee ;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

- 5 O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
 To thee, at last, in every clime
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

70

11 & 8s M.

EPIS. COL

Thanksgiving and Praise in the Sanctuary.

- 1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;
 O, serve him with gladness and fear ;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth ;
 With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and ruler o'er all ;
 And we are his people ; his sceptre we own ;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song ;
 Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
 His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand ;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

71

7s M.

BOWRING

The Temple.

- 1 In thy courts let peace be found,
Be thy temple full of love ;
Here we tread on holy ground,
All serene, around, above.
- 2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillize the turbulent !
Give the weary one repose !
- 3 Be the place for worship meet,
Meet the worship for the place ;
Contemplation's best retreat,
Shrine of guilelessness and grace !
- 4 As an infant knows its home,
Lord ! may we thy temples know ;
Hither for instruction come,
Hence by thee instructed go.

72

11 & 10s M.

ANONYMOUS

For Divine Strength.

- 1 FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength, and calmness from above.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,

And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides ; and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

4 Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
Now make us strong, — we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness, from above.

73

L. M.

NORTON.

Holy Ground.

1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all !

2 The tombs thine altars are ; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead !

3 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee ; — but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.

- 4 Here be they taught ; and may we know
 That faith thy servants knew of old,
 Which onward bears through weal or woe
 Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

Pure Worship.

- 1 How, Lord, shall vows of ours be sweet ?
 O, how should souls immortal meet ?
 How lose themselves in heaven a while ?
 How win thine own eternal smile ?
- 2 Come beautiful, as souls should be !
 Come beautiful for God to see !
 Come holy-fair, come heavenly-bright,
 And give the all-seeing eye delight !
- 3 Ye loving, of large souls and free,
 Whose hours run on forgivingly,
 You chief the God of love will hear, —
 Your own the incessant pardoner !
- 4 Yet better songs, ye holy, raise !
 More nobly live, more gladly praise !
 Till beauteous round the heavenly throne
 Ye worship best the holy One.

75

7s M.

F. H. HEDON.

Invocation.

1 SOVEREIGN and transforming grace ! •

We invoke thy quickening power ;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

2 Holy and creative light !

We invoke thy kindling ray ;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

3 To the anxious soul impart

Hope all other hopes above ;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

4 Give the struggling peace for strife,

Give the doubting light for gloom,
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.

5 Work in all ; in all renew,

Day by day, the life divine ;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

Desire of Progress.

- 1 LORD, thou wouldst have us like to thee ;
 Lord, thou wouldst lift us to thy Son :
Thou biddest us aspirants be, —
 Put all divine ambition on !
- 2 Thou sovereign Lord Almighty ! lo,
 On, on to thee the weaklings press ;
From strength to strength our souls would go,
 Upclimbing thine almightiness.
- 3 All-holy one ! we give not o'er ;
 The sinners would be one with thee !
Yes, all-prevailingly explore,
 Depth after depth, thy purity.
- 4 Alas our wrath ! alas our pride !
 Yet shall they not at last be gone ?
O, may we not each day abide
 Still nearer the all-loving One ?
- 5 Father of lights ! our darkness dares
 Hope into something bright to rise ;
Each well-won truth our souls declares
 Of closer kin to thee, all-wise.
- 6 Would we not grow divinely bright ?
 Take sweetness in, put glory on —
Yes, wax more worthy to delight
 In thee, first fair, all-glorious one ?

77

11 & 10s M. JAS. F. CLARKE.

Prayer for Purity.

- 1 FATHER, to us, thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling
That we may live to glorify thy name ; —
- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.
- 3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed ;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean ;
O, speak the word ! thy servants shall be healed.

Lord's Day.

78

L. M.

STENNETT

The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another day of rest begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day that God hath blest
- 2 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows !
- 3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet the Christian rest to spend,
In hope of that that ne'er shall end !

79

S. M.

SPIRIT OF THE PS

The Day of Rest.

- 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,
 Thy glorious acts to sing ;
 To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
 And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
 Thy boundless love to tell ;
 And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
 Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice
 With those who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To thoughts of praise and joy
 Be every Lord's day given,
 That such may be our blest employ
 Eternally in heaven

80

8 & 7s M. SUN. SCHOOL H. B.

Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning !
 Welcome is this holy day ;
 Now the sacred morn, returning,
 Says a week has passed away.

Let me think how time is passing ;
 Soon the longest life departs ;
 Nothing human is abiding,
 Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
 Makes our purest happiness ;
 Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
 Earth's poor trifles to possess.
 Swift my life's vain dreams are passing ;
 Like the startled dove they fly,
 Or the clouds each other chasing
 Over yonder quiet sky.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee :
 Give an humble, grateful heart ;
 Never let me cease to praise thee,
 Never from thy fear depart.
 Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
 And the world is sunk in shade,
 Heaven's bright realm will rise before me ;
 There my treasure will be laid.

Day of Rest.

1 We bless thee for this sacred day,
 Thou who hast every blessing given,
 Which sends the dreams of earth away,
 And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
 We would improve thy calm repose ;
 And, in God's service truly blest,
 Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
 Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
 And flowers of grace in freshness start
 Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
 Contented with that aim alone
 Which bears her to the King of kings,
 And rests her at his sheltering throne.

Sunday Morning.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day.
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest !
- 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
 Through our lives, our praise demand ;
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Fed and guided by thy hand.
 Yet ungrateful we have been,
 Paying back these gifts with sin.

- 3 Lord, we pray for pardoning grace,
 In our dear Redeemer's name :
 Sin remove, and in its place
 Give us virtue's purest flame ;
 Thus, from all our sins set free,
 May we rest at last with thee !

The Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

The Eternal Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this thy day, in this thy house ;
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy churches rise.

- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there 's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With earnest hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death, to rest with God.

85

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD

Lord's Day.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rites, what honors, shall he pay ?
 How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes, and gilded spires,
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise ;
 And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice ?

- 3 Vain, sinful man ! Creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

Lord's Day.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born ;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of the soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts ;
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity !

Lord's Day.

- 1 CALLED by the Sabbath bells away,
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go, with willing mind, to pray,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word.

- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee
- 3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them, in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest, shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

Social Worship.

88

L. M.

BOWRING.

Introduction to Evening Worship.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light !
How shall we all thy love declare !
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer :
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns, —
That glorious heaven, which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.
- 2 We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
O, how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity !
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity !

- 3 But thou art present with us here,
 As in thy glittering, high domain;
 And grateful hearts and humble fear
 Can never seek thy face in vain.
 Help us to praise thee, Lord of light;
 Help us thy boundless love declare;
 And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
 Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

89

C. M.

METHODIST COL.

For Sincerity.

- 1 O THAT we all might now begin
 Our foolishness to mourn;
 And turn at once from every sin,
 And to our Saviour turn.
- 2 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
 In this our gracious day;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 3 Conclude us first in unbelief,
 And freely then release;
 Fill every soul with sacred grief,
 And then with sacred peace.
- 4 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
 And then enrich the poor;
 The knowledge of our sickness give;
 The knowledge of our cure.

Invocation.

1 FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee :
Draw us by thy grace alone ;
Give, O give us to thy Son.

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined ;
Each to each unite and bless ;
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love ;
Love, the sealing grace, impart ;
Dwell within our single heart.

For Social Worship.

1 OUR God, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
 O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own!

92

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Freedom in Worship.

- 1 Thou biddest, Lord, thy sons be bold;
 Lord, thou hast set us free;
 The dear adoption fast we hold,
 The glorious liberty!
- 2 We stand unto our God how near!
 Nor priest nor veil between;
 Lord! full unto thine own appear;
 We cast away each screen.
- 3 Thy truth is waiting to be seized;
 Thou sweetly bid'st us dare;
 We look, we seek, — and thou art pleased
 To meet us everywhere.
- 4 Thy Spirit's fulness we embrace, —
 Away with man's poor dole!
 The sweetest visit of thy grace
 Asks but an open soul.

- 5 Full feels our solemn privacy
 The sweet celestial air ;
 In humble joy we lay on thee
 The loving clasp of prayer.
- 6 We mingle now our inmost fires,
 A glowing spirit-throng !
 All free and strong of wing, aspires
 The passion of our song.
- 7 Thine own we are, Almighty One !
 Thine own would ever be ;
 Endless thy dear dominion,
 Our glorious liberty !

Brotherly Love.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run !
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
 Where zeal and friendship meet ;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where peace like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :

O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you :
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,

Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,

Waning moons no more shall see ;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

The City of God.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Joy and Peace in Believing.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings:

When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may !

3 It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too ;
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

God Everywhere.

1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord !
 Yet he in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be adored.

- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
 Or on the earth or in the skies,
 The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad
 Through realms, through worlds unknown
 Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are ever near his throne.

Commendatory of Social Worship.

- 1 EVER sounds with holy hymns
 The abode of saints on high,
 Echoing to the seraphim's
 Holy, holy, holy cry :
 Joining that great psalm of praise,
 We our humbler voices raise.
- 2 O'er our temple, Lord of all,
 Thy benignant light extend ;
 Here be present at our call ;
 Here thy people's vows attend ;
 And our fainting souls imbue,
 Father, with thy heavenly dew.
- 3 Here may still the meek request
 Of the faithful heart obtain
 Foretaste of those mansions blest,
 Visions bright of glory gain,

Till, from bonds corporeal free,
We those blissful mansions see.

- 4 Now be to the Father done
Homage, as at all times meet,
Through his well-beloved Son,
Sharer of his heavenly seat,—
Homage such as all things owe,
Saints above and men below.

99

C. M.

METHODIST COL.

Union Meeting.

- 1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart :
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.

Divine Love.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Father, thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart.

- 2 Breathe, O, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Graciously come down, and never
 Never more thy temples leave.

101

7s M.

METHODIST COL.

Longing to Love God.

- 1 LORD, my God, I long to know, —
Oft it causes anxious thought, —
Do I love thee, Lord, or no ?
Am I thine, or am I not ?
- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O, how dark, and vain, and wild !
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child ?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall :
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord ?
- 6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

102

8 & 7s M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

Thrice Hail.

- 1 BRIGHT the vision that delighted
 Once the sight of Judah's seer ;
 Sweet the countless tongues united
 To entrance the prophet's ear.
 Round the Lord in glory seated,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled his temple, and repeated
 Each to each th' alternate hymn : —
- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 Whilst our thoughts his greatness raises,
 And our love his gifts excite.
 With his seraph-train before him,
 With his holy church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow.

103

7s M. METHODIST COL.

Call to Social Worship.

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join
 God to praise in hymns divine ;
 Give we all, with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord ;
 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
 Sing as in the ancient days ;
 Antedate the joys above.
 Find the heaven of mutual love.

2 Saviour, we thy promise claim ;
 We are met in thy great name ;
 In the midst do thou appear ;
 Manifest thy presence here ;
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
 Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;
 Thou thyself within us move ;
 Make this hour a feast of love.

3 Make us all in thee complete ;
 Make us all for glory meet ;
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.
 Call, O, call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb ;
 Let us lean upon thy breast ;
 Love be there our endless feast !

104

7s M.

METHODIST COL.

Call to Social Worship.

1 LET us join, as God commands,
 Let us join our hearts and hands ;
 Help to gain our calling's hope ;
 Help to build each other up ;
 Carry on the Christian's strife ;
 Walk in holiness of life ;
 Faithfully our gifts improve
 For the sake of him we love ;—

- 2 Still forget the things behind ;
Follow Christ in heart and mind ;
Toward the mark unwearied press ;
Seize the crown of righteousness.
While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts will still unite ;
Dearest fellowship we prove —
Fellowship in Jesus' love.
- 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase ;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness :
Thee th' unholy cannot see ;
Make, O, make us meet for thee ;
Every vile affection kill ;
Root out every seed of ill ;
Utterly abolish sin ;
Write thy law of love within.
- 4 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know ;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee ;
Love, thine image, love impart ;
Stamp it on our face and heart ;
Only love to us be given ;
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Call to Worship.

- 1 FATHER, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into one name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 3 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards thee.
- 4 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love !
- 5 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove ;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

For Brotherly Love.

- 1 God of love, we look to thee ;
Let us in thy Son agree ;
Show to us the Prince of peace ;
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care ;
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give ;
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us, then, with joy remove
To the family above ;
On the wings of angels fly ;
Show how true believers die.

107

7s M.

METHODIST COL.

For Union of Heart.

- 1 God, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy loving children are.
- 2 Closer knit us to our Head ;
Nourish us in Christ, and feed ;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
- 3 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil ;
- 4 Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine :
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all !

108

6 & 8s M.

METHODIST COL.

For Union.

- 1 THOU God of truth and love,
We seek the perfect way,
Ready thy choice to approve,
Thy providence obey ;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place ?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face ?
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in thee ?
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain ;
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renewed in perfect love ?

For the Church.

- 1 God of love, that hear'st the prayer,
 Kindly for thy people care,
 Who on thee alone depend :
 Love us, save us, to the end.
- 2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,
 From the flattering tempter's power,
 From his unsuspected wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependence vain
 On the help of feeble man ;
 Every arm of flesh remove ;
 Stay us on thy only love !

- 4 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honors at thy feet.
- 5 Never let the world break in ;
Fix a mighty gulf between ;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

110

7s M.

METHODIST COL.

Church Union.

- 1 SWEETLY may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care ;
Every member feel its share.
- 2 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.
- 3 Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on :
There is neither bond nor free,
Neither great nor small, in thee !
- 4 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered our distinctions void !
Names, and sects, and parties, fall :
Thou, O God, art all in all !

To the Prodigal Son.

- 1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!
- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!
- 4 Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear;
Seek him, while he may be found;
Call upon him — he is near.

Parting.

- 1 THROUGH thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

- 2 We part in body, not in mind ;
 Our minds continue one ;
 And, each to each in Jesus joined,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 3 Subsists as in us all one soul,
 No power can make us twain .
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
 To sever us, in vain.
- 4 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh,
 While on the wings of faith and prayer
 We each to other fly.
- 5 Our life is hid with Christ in God ;
 Our life shall soon appear,
 And shed his glory all abroad
 In all his members here.

113

7s M.

J. NEWTON.

At Parting.

- 1 For a season called to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 When we move at duty's call,
 He is with us by the way ;
 He is ever with us all,
 Those who go, and those who stay.

3 Father, hear our humble prayer !
 Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep

4 In thy strength may we be strong ;
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;
 Give us, if we live, ere long,
 Here to meet in peace again.

The Church.

1 O, WHERE are kings and empires now,
 Of old that went and came ?
 But Holy Church is praying yet,
 A thousand years the same.
 Mark ye her holy battlements,
 And her foundations strong ;
 And hear within her solemn voice,
 And her unending song.

2 For not like kingdoms of the world
 The Holy Church of God !
 Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,
 And tempests are abroad,
 Unshaken as eternal hills,
 Immovable, she stands, —
 A mountain that shall fill the earth,
 A fane unbuilt by hands.

115

7s M.

H. K. WHITE.

Parting.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to Him who reigns in heaven
Be eternal glory given !
Grateful for thy love divine,
O, may all our hearts be thine !

116

7s M.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Close of a Prayer-Meeting.

- 1 O, 'TIS sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer !
O, 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise !
Then how blest that state must be,
When they meet eternally !
- 2 Father, let these meetings prove
Scenes of fervent Christian love ;

While we worship in this place
 May we go from grace to grace,
 Till we, each in his degree,
 Fit for endless glory be.

Domestic Worship.

- 1 PEACE be to this habitation ;
 Peace to all that dwell therein ;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;
 Peace, to worldly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts forever ;
 Peace, that comes from God alone.

- 2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us ;
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
 Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
 Raise to heaven our expectation,
 Give our favored souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.

Beligion at Home.

- 1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still ;
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be ;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me ;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast ;
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long ;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue ;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

Prayer at all Times.

- 1 Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And join with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4 O, not a joy nor blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that he hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer!
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall;
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

120

S. M.

WATTS.

Early Piety.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The follies of the mind
 Be banished from this place;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasure less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew the Lord;
 But children of the heavenly King
 Should sound his praise abroad.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And every fear put by;
 We're marching through Emanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

121

L. M.

SIR H. WOTTON.

Character of a Happy Life.

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ; —
- 3 Who hath his life from rumors freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ; —
- 4 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.
- 5 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

Before Sleep.

- 1 OMNIPRESENT God ! whose aid
 No one ever asked in vain,
 Be this night about my bed,
 Every evil thought restrain :
 Lay thy hand upon my soul,
 God of my unguarded hours !
 All my enemies control,
 Sin, and earth, and nature's powers.

- 2 O thou holy God ! come down,
 God of spotless purity !
 Claim, and seize me for thy own,
 Consecrate my heart to thee :
 Under thy protection take ;
 Songs in the night season give ;
 Let me sleep to thee, and wake ;
 Let me die to thee, and live.

- 3 Loose me from the chains of sense,
 Set me from the body free ;
 Draw with stronger influence
 My unfettered soul to thee :
 In me, Lord, thyself reveal ;
 Fill me with a sweet surprise ;
 Let me thee, when waking, feel,
 Let me in thy image rise.

123

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Morning Hymn. For a Child.

- 1 O GOD, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.
- 2 Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

124

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Evening Hymn. For a Child.

- 1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my Sun,
And thou wilt be by night my Rest.
- 2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

125

C. M. BARRY CORNWALL.

For a Sick Child.

- 1 SEND down thy wingéd angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child!

- 2 She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep !
- 3 How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well ;
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.
- 4 We love, — we watch throughout the night,
To aid, where need may be ;
We hope, — and have despaired at times ;
But now we turn to thee !
- 5 Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God !
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child !

Baptism, Lord's Supper, and Admission of Members.

126

S. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY

Baptism

- 1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
Would in thy footsteps press.
- 2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled ;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favored feet are led ; —
- 3 But, at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

127

S. M.

J. F. CLARKE.

Baptism of a Child.

- 1 To thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.
- 2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.
- 3 O, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

128

S. M.

J. F. CLARKE.

Baptism of Children.

- 1 To Him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,
To Him who took them to his breast,
We bring these children home.
- 2 To thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold.

129, 130 BAPTISM, LORD'S SUPPER, AND

3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now.

129

7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

Joined to God's People.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns, —
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

130

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

A Welcome to Fellowship.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord:
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee :
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.

131

S. M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

To the Soul Seeking Rest.

- 1 O, CEASE, thou wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam !
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God ;
Behold the open door ;
O, haste to gain that blest abode,
And rove, dear soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide ;
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

132, 133, 134 BAPTISM, LORD'S SUPPER, AND

132

8 & 7s M.

HEBER.

Before Communion.

- 1 BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed !
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead !
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

133

C. M.

PRATT'S COL.

Before Communion.

- 1 PREPARE US, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne ;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced, --
To look on thee, and mourn.
- 2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim, in faith and hope,
" The Saviour died for me ! "

134

C. M.

MILMAN

Before Communion.

- 1 O FATHER, hear us, when we call,
Imploring at thy feet
The crumbs that from thy table fall —
'Tis all we dare entreat.

- 2 But be it, Lord of Mercy, all —
 So thou wilt grant but this;
 The crumbs that from thy table fall
 Are light, and life, and bliss.

135

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

~~Thus~~ do in Remembrance of ~~the~~.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
 I must remember thee: —
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me;
 Yea, while a breath a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

Proper Dispositions for the Communion.

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love!
 Let strife and discord cease;
 And every thought harmonious move,
 And every heart be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him,
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
 Thy life of love hath been;
 The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
 Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 "Thy kingdom come;" we watch, we wait,
 To hear thy cheering call;
 When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
 And God be all in all.

137

C. M. BIRMINGHAM COL.

For Communicants.

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind :
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

138

S. M.

FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 HERE, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.
- 2 Yes, that our souls might live,
Those sacred limbs were torn,
That blood was spilt, and pangs untold
Were by the Saviour borne.

- 3 O thou who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than thou hast done for us ?

Communion with God and Christ.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care ;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

140

7s M.

BOWRING.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 Not with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread ;
Not in mystery drink and eat
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.
 - 2 'T is his memory we record,
'T is his virtues we proclaim ;
Grateful to our honored Lord,
Here we bless his sacred name.
 - 3 See him, on the dreadful day
Of his mortal agony,
Break the bread, and hear him say,
" Eat of this, and think of me ! "
 - 4 See him standing on the brink
Of the tomb, and hark, he cries,
" Drink the wine, and, as you drink,
O, remember him who dies ! "
 - 5 Yes, we will remember thee,
Friend and Saviour ; and thy feast
Of all services shall be
Holiest and welcomest.
- 10 109

Spiritual Nourishment.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

The Cross of Christ.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

143

S. M.

H. MARTINEAU.

The Coming of Christ in the Power of his Gospel.

- 1 LORD JESUS, come ; for here
 Our path through wilds is laid ;
 We watch as for the day-spring near,
 Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus, come ; for hosts
 Meet on the battle plain ;
 The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
 And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus, come ; for still
 Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
 The famished crave in vain their fill,
 While teems the fruitful earth.
- 4 Hark ! herald voices near,
 Lead on thy happier day ;
 Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear ;
 We wait to strew thy way.

- 5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power ;
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 O FOR a prophet's fire,
O for an angel's tongue,
To speak the mighty love of Him
Who on the cross was hung !
- 2 In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.
- 3 Yet would we praise that love,
Beyond expression dear ;
Come, gather round this table, then,
And celebrate it here.
- 4 Here, in the bread and wine,
Your dying Saviour view ;
Thus did he give his body up,
And thus his blood, for you.

145

8s & 7s M.

EXETER COL.

After Communion.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
 - 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.
 - 3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.
- 10* 113

Children and Sunday-Schools.

146

C. M.

GIBBONS.

Youthful Piety.

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blessed eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

147

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God !
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !
- 5 O thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own !

For Sunday-Schools.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace ;
Love through our borders found ;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

Sabbath-School Hymn.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now ;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend, —
We are weak, almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blest ;
In their lives, and on their hearts,
Father, be thy laws imprest.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above :
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love.

- 4 Here, in joy's triumphant day,
Still may grateful hearts arise,
Bright with rapture's kindling ray,
Purely, fondly, to the skies.
- 5 Here, in sorrow's chastening hour,
May thy word its light diffuse ;
Freshening as the vernal shower,
Peaceful as the silent dews.
- 6 Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
Errors pardoned, sins forgiven :
Humble trust, obedience sure,
Love to man, and faith in Heaven.

150

78 M.

WARREN ST. COL.

The Christian Child.

- 1 CHILD ! to thee, the loved of heaven,
Boundless power to improve is given ;
Rise to meet temptation's power ;
Stand in passion's wildest hour.
- 2 Fast as danger round thee grows
Gather strength from conquered foes :
Tread the path the Leader trod,
Pressing on to peace, to God.
- 3 Pause not, rest not, yield not now ;
Soon the crown shall grace thy brow ;
Child of heaven ! then fix thine eyes
Onward ! onward to the prize.

151

8 & 7s M.

S. S. H. BOOK.

Example of Christ.

- 1 JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me ;
O, that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still may be !
- 2 If my feelings are not holy,
Pride and passion dwell within ;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.
- 3 While I 'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess, —
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.
- 4 Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by thy word of truth ;
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

152

L. M.

S. S. H. BOOK

God — Our Father.

- 1 GREAT God ! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my friend ?
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !

- 2 Art thou my Father ? — Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee ;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 3 Art thou my Father ? — I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 4 Art thou my Father ? — Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

153

8 & 7s M.

R. ROBINSON.

God the Creator.

- 1 MIGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lisp thy name !
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise :

3 For the grandeur of thy nature —
Grand beyond a seraph's thought :
For created works of wonder —
Works with skill and kindness wrought :

4 For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain, —
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow, —
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

Death and Futurity.

154

11s M.

MUHLENBERG.

~~I~~ Would not Live Alway.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
I would not live alway : no — welcome the tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
- 2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode !
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
- 3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul !

The Issues of Life and Death.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love : —
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O, what appalling horrors hang
Around the " second death " !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And utterly undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, — the rest
Of immortality.

156

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Heaven.

- 1 THE happy fields, the heavenly host,
The realm of rest above,
Do make us gladsome, Lord, but most
The holy land we love.
- 2 O bright those golden gates must shine
That let no evil in !
That boundless region how divine,
That hath no room for sin !
- 3 Sweet holy land ! sweet with the throng
Of souls divinely pure ;
Where holy happy ones among
Thy pilgrims smile secure !
- 4 No more to weep o'er lustre lent,
O'er grace outpoured in vain ;
No more in anguish to repent,
And then offend again ;
- 5 But gloriously to spend that grace
They boundlessly receive,
Nor once thine image to deface,
Nor once thy spirit grieve.
- 6 O here thy servants soon give o'er,
But half thy word fulfil ;
How faint their zeal, their strife how sore,
To work the eternal will !

- 7 But there upon thine errands sweet
 How holy-swift they run !
 What smiling service ! how complete
 The work divinely done !
- 8 No tempter there our souls shall stop
 Upon the sacred road,
 Nor win our weak desires to drop
 From glory and from God !
- 9 But angels kind their raptures blend
 As our rapt souls aspire ;
 Our wingéd zeal their wings they lend,
 Our burning love their fire.
- 10 Still, Lord, with sorrow and with sin
 Wars here thy pilgrim band ;
 Yet blest the warfare that shall win
 Thy heaven, our holy land !

"Blessed are the Dead that Die in the Lord."

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
 For all the pious dead : —
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
 How kind their slumbers are !
 From sufferings and from sins released,
 And freed from every snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord ;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

158

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Righteous Blessed in Death.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blessed the righteous when he dies !"

The Dying Christian.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below ;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy great Redeemer's breast ;
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.
 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live a life of glory ;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

The Young cut off in their Prime.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noontide heats
 As fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
 Parched by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine,
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains :
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

161

P. M.

MILMAN.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,
 And sorrow is unknown, —

From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

2 Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
 And the Holy Spirit fail :
 And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

3 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
 The solemn priest hath said ;
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And we seal thy narrow bed :
 But thy spirit, brother, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

Funeral Hymn.

1 THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore
 thee ;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb,

The Saviour has passed through its portals before
thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansions for-
saking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy
waking,
And the song that thou heardest was the sera-
phim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave, but 't were wrong to
deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and
guide ;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has
died.

165

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS

Death of the Young.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But, O, a brighter home than ours
In heaven is now thine own.

166

C. M.

T. H. GILL

Not Unclothed.

- 1 ALAS the vale where tears run o'er,
The sorrow and the strife;
The burden of the flesh so sore —
This heavy load of life!
- 2 And yet we would not cast it off
For simple nakedness,
Nor even earth's poor garments doff
But for a brighter dress.

- 3 Dear Lord ! we would not poorly pine
 From trouble to be free ;
 But long for the glad life divine,
 But burn to dwell with thee.

167

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Death of an Infant.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
 But withers in the rising day,
 Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul
 Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
 Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
 Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
 But for a moment felt the rod : —
 O mourner ! such, the Lord declares,
 Such are the children of our God !

168

10s M.

MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Christian in his Prime.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power ;
 A Christian cannot die before his time,
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

- 2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;
 Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done ;
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.
- 3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
 And all the ransomed by that narrow way
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave : — no, take thy seat above ;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

On the Death of an Aged Christian.

- 1 SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice of midnight came,
 He started up to hear ;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame —
 He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past ;
 Labor and sorrow cease ;
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

170

11 & 10s M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Come unto Me."

- 1 COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
 When the sad heart is weary and distress,
 Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father ;
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest !
- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring-flowers were
 taken,
 When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
 When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
 Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are
 crowned ;
- 3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn :

- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed,
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest !

Funeral Prayer.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine ! —
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that life and death
 Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour
 When earth all succoring power
 Shall disavow, —
 When spear, and shield, and crown,
 In faintness are cast down, —
 Sustain us thou !
- 3 By him who bowed to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod, —
 From whom the last dismay
 Was not to pass away, —
 Aid us, O God !

- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
 We call on thee to save,
 Father divine !
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;
 Keep us, in life and death,
 Thine, only thine !

172

L. M.

WATTS.

The Grave Destroyed.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in thy silent dust.
- 2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 Whilst angels watch its soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave and blessed the bed ;
 Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
 Attend, O grave, his sovereign word !
 Restore thy trust ; the glorious form
 Will then arise to meet the Lord.

163

S. M.

WILSON.

Death of a Young Girl.

1 WHAT though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry !
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed,
In the air-groves of the sky.

2 What though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim !
In heaven I see her glancing bright,
I hear her angel hymn.

3 True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat ;
But purer now, in heavenly snow,
She lies at Jesus' feet.

4 O, star untimely set !
Why should we weep for thee ?
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea.

164

C. M.

WILSON

Consolations in Bereavement.

1 THE air of death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie ;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, " Prepare to die ! "

- 2 The loving ones we loved the best
Like music all are gone ;
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.
- 3 But not when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs ;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.
- 4 At holy midnight voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room ;
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,
Come brightening from the tomb.
- 5 We know who sends the visions bright ;
From whose dear side they came !
We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name !
- 6 This frame, O God, this feeble breath,
Thy hand may soon destroy ;
We think of thee, and feel in death
A deep and awful joy.
- 7 Dim is the light of vanished years
In the glory yet to come ;
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !
When Jesus calls us home.

- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
 The tears of love restrain ;
 O, who that saw thy parting hour
 Could wish thee here again !
- 3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
 Sustained by grace divine :
 O may such grace on us be shed,
 And make our end like thine !

Reunion in Heaven.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again —
 Meet ne'er to sever ?
 When will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever ?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows
 In this dark vale of woes —
 Never — no, never !
- 2 When shall love freely flow,
 Pure as life's river ?
 When shall sweet friendship glow,
 Changeless forever ?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill
 Never — no, never !

- 3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever:
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never — no, never!
- 4 Soon shall we meet again —
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never — no, never!

177

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Forever with the Lord.

- 1 FOREVER with the Lord!
 So, Father, let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'T is immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from thee I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high !
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
- 6 And then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.
- 7 Forever with the Lord !
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that blessed word
Even here to me fulfil.
- 8 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;
Help, and I must prevail.

9 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

10 Knowing "as I am known,"
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne.
 "Forever with the Lord!"

178

11 & 10s M.

HEBER

The Widow of Nain.

- 1 WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation !
 Weep not, O mother, weep not hopelessly !
 Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation ;
 Strong is the word of God to succor thee.
- 2 Bear forth the cold corpse ; slowly, slowly bear him,
 Hide his pale features with the sable pall ;
 Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him,
 Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.
- 3 Why pause the mourners ? who forbids our weeping ?
 Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed ?
 Set down the bier ! he is not dead, but sleeping !
 "Young man, arise !" He spake, and was obeyed !
- 4 Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation !
 Worship and fall before Messiah's knee ;
 Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation ;
 Strong was the word of God to succor thee !

179

11 & 10s M.

ANONYMOUS

The Mourner.

- 1 **W**EEP thou, O mourner ! but in lamentation
Let thy Redeemer still remembered be ;
Strong is his arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is his love to cheer and comfort thee.
- 2 Cold though the world be, in the way before thee,
Wail not in sadness o'er the darkling tomb ;
God in his love still watcheth kindly o'er thee,
Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom.
- 3 Dimmed though thine eyes be with the tears of
sorrow,
Night only known beneath the sky of time,
Faith can behold the dawning of a morrow
Glowing in smiles of life and joy sublime.
- 4 Change, then, O mourner, grief to exultation ;
Firm and confiding should thy spirit be ;
Strong is his arm, the God of thy salvation,
Strong is his love to cheer and comfort thee.

180

11 & 4s M.

WHITTIER.

The Angels of Grief.

- 1 **W**ITH silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

- 2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth, —
 Our Father's will,
 Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
 Is mercy still.
- 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought ;
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
 The good die not !
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What he has given ;
 They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
 As in his heaven.

181

L. M.

NORTON

©, *Stay thy Tears.*

- 1 O, *STAY* thy tears ! for they are blest
 Whose days are past, whose toil is done ;
 Here midnight care disturbs our rest,
 Here sorrow dims the morning sun.
- 2 For laboring virtue's anxious toil,
 For patient sorrow's stifled sigh,
 For faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
 Heaven grants the recompense, — to die.
- 3 How blest are they whose transient years
 Pass like an evening meteor's flight,
 Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
 Whose course is short, unclouded, bright !

- 4 O, cheerless were our lengthened way,
 But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
 Streams downward from eternal day,
 And sheds a glory round the tomb !
- 5 Then stay thy tears, — the blest above
 Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
 Sung a new song of joy and love ;
 Then why should anguish reign on earth ?

Not Lost, but Gone Before.

- 1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given ;
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 O, half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to heaven a shining one,
 Who walked an angel here.
- 3 Unto our Father's will alone
 One thought hath reconciled ;
 That he whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home his child.
- 4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and thee.

- 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
 Between us and the wrong,
 And her dear memory serve to make
 Our faith in goodness strong.

183

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Funeral Hymn of a Child.

- 1 To the Father's love we trust
 That which was enshrined in dust ;
 While we give the earth to earth,
 Finds the soul its heavenly birth.
 Angels wait the angel child,
 Gentle, young, and undefiled.
- 2 Said not oft those pleading eyes
 That they longed for purer skies ?
 Did not oft the falling tear
 Speak of roughening billows here ?
 Prayed we not that she might rest
 On her heavenly Father's breast ?
- 3 Give the spirit, then, to God,
 And its vesture to the sod ;
 Life, henceforth, shall have a ray
 Kindled ne'er to pass away,
 And a light from angel eyes
 Draw us upward to the skies.

The Night of Faith.

- 1 We will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, — if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.
- 2 We will not faint, — if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.
- 3 O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the death is past.
- 4 Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

Blessing of Sorrow.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall beam again
 From lids that now o'erflow with tears,
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are earnest of serenest years.
- 3 O, there are days of hope and rest
 For every dark and troubled night,
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with morning light !
- 4 And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier
 Now shed the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to your arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny,
 Nor lonely sorrow rend the heart
 Which, spurned of man, fears not to die.
- 6 For God has marked each anxious day,
 And numbered every secret tear,
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

186

8 & 7s M.

MOIR.

Death of a Child.

- 1 FARE thee well, thou fondly cherished,
 Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well !
 He who lent thee hath recalled thee,
 Back with him and his to dwell.

- 2 Like a sunbeam, through our dwelling
Shone thy presence, bright and calm ;
Thou didst add a zest to pleasure,
To our sorrows thou wert balm.
- 3 Yet while mourning, O our lost one !
Come no visions of despair ;
Seated on thy tomb, faith's angel
Saith thou art not, art not, there.
- 4 Where, then, art thou ? — with the Saviour,
Blest, forever blest to be ;
'Mid the sinless little children,
Who have heard his " come to me."
- 5 Passed the shades of death's dark valley,
Thou art leaning on his breast,
Where the wicked may not enter,
And the weary are at rest.
- 6 Plead that, in a Father's mercy,
All our sins may be forgiven ;
Angel, plead ! that thou mayst greet us,
Ransomed, at the gates of heaven.

Death of a Child.

- 1 SAVIOUR, now receive him
To thy bosom mild ;
For with thee we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child !

2 Though his eye hath brightened
 Oft our weary way,
 And his clear laugh lightened
 Half our hearts' dismay.

3 Now let thought behold him
 In his angel rest,
 Where those arms enfold him
 To a Saviour's breast.

4 We yield but what was given
 At thy holy call ;
 The beautiful to heaven,
 Thou who givest all !

188

L. M.

MRS. MACKAY.

Sleep in Jesus.

1 **ASLEEP** in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
 From which none ever wakes to weep ;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 **Asleep** in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;
 No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour,
 Which manifests the Saviour's power !

The Future Land.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes, —
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

190

8 & 7s M.

CONDER.

The Future World.

- 1 O THE hour when this material
 Shall have vanished like a cloud !
 And amid the wide ethereal
 All the invisible shall crowd !
 And the naked soul, surrounded
 By realities unknown,
 Triumphs in the view unbounded,
 Feels herself with God alone !
- 2 Angels ! let the anxious stranger
 In your tender care be blest ;
 Hoping, waiting, free from danger,
 Till the trumpet end her rest ;
 Till the trump which shakes creation
 Through the circling heavens shall roll,
 Till the day of consummation,
 Till the bridal of the soul !
- 3 Can I trust a fellow-being ?
 Can I trust an angel's care ?
 O thou merciful all-seeing,
 Guide me by thy presence there !
 Jesus ! blessed Mediator !
 Thou the airy path hast trod.
 Thou, the judge, the consummator,
 Shepherd of the fold of God !

- 4 Blessed fold ! no foe can enter,
 And no friend departeth thence ;
 Jesus is their sun, their centre,
 And their shield Omnipotence !
 Blessed, for the Lamb shall feed them,
 And their tears shall wipe away,
 To the living fountain lead them,
 Till fruition's perfect day !
- 5 Lo, it comes — that day of wonder !
 Louder thunders shake the skies !
 Hades' gates are burst asunder !
 See the new-clothed myriads rise !
 Thought, repress thy weak endeavor,
 Here must reason prostrate fall :
 O the ineffable forever,
 And the eternal all in all !

The Image of the Earthy.

- 1 O, MEAN may seem this house of clay —
 Yet 't was the Lord's abode ;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Emanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
 This watch the Lord did keep,
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
 These tears the Lord did weep.

- 3 This world the Master overcame,
 This death the Lord did die ;
 O, vanquished world ! O, glorious shame !
 O, hallowed agony !
- 4 O vale of tears, no longer sad,
 Wherein the Lord did dwell !
 O, holy robe of flesh that clad
 Our own Emanuel !
- 5 Our very frailty brings us near.
 Unto the Lord of heaven ;
 To every grief, to every tear,
 Such glory strange is given.

192

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

The Image of the Heavenly.

- 1 'T IS not this fleshly robe alone
 Shall link us, Lord, to thee ;
 Not always in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be.
- 2 Thou to our woe who down didst come,
 Who one with us wouldst be,
 Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
 Wilt make us one with thee.
- 3 Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
 And we thy robes shall wear ;
 Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
 And we thy bliss may bear !

4 O, mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O, mighty grace, thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine!

5 O strange the gifts, and marvellous,
By thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
And we receive thy heaven.

Feasts and Fasts.

193

7s M.

BOWRING.

For Advent or Christmas.

1 WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night ;
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel !

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller ! ages are its own :
See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller, lo ! the Prince of peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains !
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there ;
 And angels with their sparkling lyres
 Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems sing;
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's eternal King."
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
 The Saviour now is born!
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

195

8 & 7s M.

CAWOOD.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 "Glory in the highest, glory!
 Glory be to God most high!"
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great anointed;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing!
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your prophet, priest, and king."

- 5 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
 Great David's greater son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun.
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace the herald go ;
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
- 3 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest.

The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand forever ;
 That name to us is — Love !

197

C. M.

PATRICK.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind, —
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you in David's town, this day,
 Is born, of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
 And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song :

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?
- 3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation:
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 4 **Brightest** and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

199

7s M. 6 l.

MONTGOMERY.

Good Friday.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O, the wormwood and the gall !
O, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time —
God's own sacrifice complete ;
"It is finished," hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who has taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes ;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Litany for Good Friday.

- 1 FATHER, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all the pain and woe
Suffered by thy Son below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By his birth and early years,
By his human griefs and fears,
By his fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By his victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Father, look with pitying eye —
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By his hour of dark despair,
By his agony of prayer,
By his purple robe of scorn,
By his wounds and crown of thorn,
By his cross, his pangs and cries,
By his perfect sacrifice ;
Father, look with pitying eye —
Hear our solemn litany.

201

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Good Friday.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain!"

For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain.
For sin and transgression, and every omission,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb! he hath purchased our
pardon;

We will praise him again as we pass over Jordan.

202

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Easter.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn ;
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

Easter Hymn.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
 See ! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour ! Angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes ;
 Now to glory see him rise
 In long triumph up the sky,
 Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song ;
 Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 5 Every note with wonder swell,
 And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Where thy terrors, dreadful king ?

204

C. M.

KEBLE.

Whitsunday

- 1 WHEN God, of old, came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came ;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hovered his holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.
- 4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom ;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

205

C. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Whitsunday.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

- 2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

All Saints Day.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make ;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him :
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

207

C. M.

WATTS.

All Saints Day.

- 1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke, —
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke, —
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light !
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight !
- 4 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest ;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is
 Must be forever blest.

All Saints.

- 1 THE saints of God are holy men,
And women good, and children dear,
All those who ever loved the Lord,
Who live in faith and fear.
- 2 They are not all together now ;
For some are dead and gone before,
And some are striving still on earth —
Their trial is not o'er.
- 3 Great numbers are they, of all states,
And born in every place and land,
Who never saw each other's face,
Nor touched each other's hand.
- 4 But they are all made one in Christ ;
They love each other tenderly,
The old and young, the rich and poor,
Of that great company.
- 5 And there shall come a glorious day,
When all the good saints, every one,
Shall meet within their Father's home,
And stand before his throne.

209

C. M. DAWSON'S HYMNS.

All Saints.

- 1 THE faithful men of every land,
 Who Christ's own rule obey,
The holy dead of every time, —
 The church of Christ are they.
- 2 The saints who die and leave us now,
 The good of long ago,
Women and men, and children young,
 Still living here below ;
- 3 Who have the same eternal hope,
 The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
 One general voice of prayer.

210

S. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

All Saints Day.

- 1 FOR all thy saints, O God,
 Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
 Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God,
 Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
 And strove in him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
 With him, their Lord, in view,
 Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
 To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
 And humbly beg that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in thee.

Fast.

1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
 Nor outward form of prayer :
 But let it in thy heart be known
 That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
 God asketh not of thee ;
 Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
 In true humility.

3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
 Draw near unto our God,
 And pray to him to grant relief,
 And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous judge, if thou wilt deign
 To grant us that we need,
 We pray for time to turn again,
 And grace to turn indeed.

212

L. M.

DYER

Fast.

- 1 GREAT Framers of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power,—
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.

213

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

Feast of the Pilgrims.

- 1 THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
- 2 And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

- 3 Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came ;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
- 4 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ; —
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 5 Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea !
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
- 6 Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained what there they found :
 Freedom to worship God.

214

C. M.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Feast of the Pilgrims.

- 1 WHEN, o'er the billow-heaving deep,
 The fathers of our race,
 The precepts of their God to keep,
 Sought here their resting-place, —
- 2 That gracious God their path prepared,
 Preserved from every harm,
 And still for their protection bared
 His everlasting arm.

3 His breath, inspiring every gale,
Impels them o'er the main ;
His guardian angels spread the sail,
And tempests howl in vain.

4 All-gracious God, inflame our zeal ;
Dispense one blessing more ;
Grant us thy boundless love to feel,
Thy goodness to adore.

215

P. M.

JOHN DAVIS

Feast of the Pilgrims.

1 Sons of renowned sires,
Join in harmonious choirs,
Swell your loud songs ;
Daughters of peerless dames,
Come with your mild acclaims,
Let their revered names
Dwell on your tongues.

2 From frowning Albion's seat
See the famed band retreat,
On ocean tost ;
Blue tumbling billows roar,
By keels scarce ploughed before,
And bear them to this shore,
Fettered with frost.

3 Not winter's sullen face,
Not the fierce tawny race
In arms arrayed,
Not hunger, shook their faith ;
Not pestilential breath,
Nor Carver's early death,
Their souls dismayed.

4 Watered by heavenly dew,
The germ of empire grew,
Freedom its root ;
From the cold northern pine,
Far toward the burning line,
Spreads the luxuriant vine,
Bending with fruit.

5 Sons of renowned sires,
Join in harmonious choirs,
Swell your loud songs ;
Daughters of peerless dames,
Come with your mild acclaims,
Let their revered names
Dwell on your tongues.

Feast of the Reformation.

1 For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee ;
But now our thanks are chiefly poured
For those who taught us to be free.

- 2 For when the soul lay bound below
 A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
 And none thy word of truth could know,
 O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds
- 3 Thy strength, O Lord, in that dark night
 By mouths of babes thou didst ordain ;
 And thy free truth went forth with might,
 Not empty to return again.
- 4 The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
 The church's curse, the empire's ban,
 By one poor monk were all defied,
 Who never feared the face of man.
- 5 Half-battles were the words he said,
 Each born of prayer, baptized in tears ;
 And, routed by them, backward fled
 The errors of a thousand years.
- 6 With lifted song and bended knee,
 For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord ;
 But chief for those who made us free,
 The champions of thy holy word.

217

P. M.

W. J. Fox.

•
Feast of the Reformation.

- 1 PRAISE to the heroes who struck for the right
 When freedom and truth were defended in fight :
 Of blood-shedding hirelings the deeds are abhorred,
 But the patriot smites with the sword of the Lord.

- 2 Praise to the martyrs who died for the right,
 Nor ever bowed down at the bidding of might :
 Their ashes were cast all abroad on the wind,
 But more widely the blessings they won for man-
 kind.
- 3 Praise to the sages, the teachers of right,
 Whose voice in the darkness said, "Let there be
 light!"
 The sophist may gain the renown of an hour,
 But wisdom is glory, while knowledge is power.
- 4 Heroes, martyrs, and sages, true prophets of right !
 They foresaw, and they made man's futurity bright.
 Their fame would ascend, though the world sunk in
 flames ;
 Be their spirit on all who sing praise to their
 names !

Feast of the Reformation.

- 1 An offering to the shrine of power
 Our hands shall never bring ;
 A garland on the car of pomp
 Our hands shall never fling ;
 Applauding in the conqueror's path
 Our voices ne'er shall be ;
 But we have hearts to honor those
 Who bade the world go free !

- 2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
 Who made us what we are!
 Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
 With radiance brighter far.
 Glory to them in coming time,
 And through eternity,
 Who burst the captive's galling chain,
 And bade the world go free!

219

P. M.

SPIRIT OF THE PS.

The Holy Ghost the Comforter.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His tender, last farewell,
 A guide, a comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
 To teach, convince, subdue;
 All-powerful as the wind he came,
 As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.

220

6s M.

LUTHER.

The Death of Martyrs.

- 1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last :
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.
- 2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath ;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death :
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing name.

221

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Easter Hymn.

- 1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high —
The Saviour hath risen, and man cannot die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
 The being he gave us death cannot destroy.
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end ;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high ;
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.

222

8 & 6s M.

FABER.

Whitsunday.

- 1 No track is on the sunny sky,
 No footprints on the air ;
 Jesus hath gone — the face of earth
 Is desolate and bare.
- 2 The blessed feet of Mary's Son,
 They tread the streets no more ;
 His soul-converting voice gives not
 Its music as before.
- 3 That upper room is heaven on earth ;
 Within its precincts lie
 All that earth has of faith, or hope,
 Or heaven-born charity.
- 4 The eye of God looks down on them,
 His love is centred there ;
 His Spirit yearns to be o'ercome
 By their sweet strife of prayer.

- 5 He comes! He comes! that mighty breath
From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
The church as it adores.
- 6 Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
That upper room around.
- 7 One moment — and the silentness
Was breathless as the grave;
The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
The troubled trees to wave.
- 8 One moment — and the Spirit hung
O'er them with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.
- 9 What gifts he gave those chosen men
Past ages can display;
Nay, more, their vigor still inspires
The weakness of to-day.
- 10 Those tongues still speak within the church,
That fire is undecayed;
Its well-spring was that upper room,
In which they sat and prayed.

11 Most humble Spirit ! mighty God !
Sweet must thy presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have thee !

223

10s M.

BP. TAYLOR.

Palm Sunday.

- 1 "DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord !"
Her faithful children cry, with one accord ;
Come, ride in triumph on ! behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way.
- 2 Welcome, O, welcome to our hearts, Lord ! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin :
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein ?
- 3 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor !
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.
- 4 And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna ! and thy glorious footsteps greet !

224

L. M.

KEBLE

Easter.

- 1 O, DAY of days ! shall hearts set free
No "minstrel rapture" find for thee ?
Thou art the sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays :
- 2 Enthronéd in thy sovereign sphere,
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year ;
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter day in every week.
- 3 And week-days, following in their train,
The fulness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's-day of holy joy.
- 4 So is it still : to holy tears,
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears :
In social hours, who Christ would see,
Must turn all tasks to charity.

225

C. M.

KEBLE

Whitsunday.

- 1 Now, when the Spirit of our God
Comes down his flock to find,
No voice from heaven is heard abroad,
No rushing mighty wind.

- 2 Nor doth the outward sense to-day
 At that high warning start,
 But conscience hears the sound — the ray
 Is flashed upon the heart.
- 3 It fills the church of God; it fills
 The sinful world around;
 Only in stubborn hearts and wills
 No place for it is found.
- 4 To other strains our souls are set :
 A giddy world of sin
 Fills ear and brain, and will not let
 Heaven's harmonies come in.
- 5 Come Lord; come wisdom, love, and power,
 Open our ears to hear;
 Let us not miss the accepted hour,
 Save, Lord, by love or fear.

226

8 & 7s M.

T. H. GILL.

Whitsunday.

- 1 DAY divine! when in the temple
 To the Lord's first lovers came
 Glory new and treasure ample,
 Mighty gifts and tongues of flame!
 Day to happy souls commended,
 When the Holy Ghost was given,
 When the Comforter descended,
 And brought down the joy of heaven!

- 2 Lord ! to-day thy people learneth
 No past wonder, no strange tale ;
Lord ! to-day thy people yearneth
 Here the Holy Ghost to hail !
O'er again to write this story
 Our weak, trembling souls aspire :
Unto us may come the glory —
 Full on us may fall the fire !
- 3 Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
 By those ancient saints alone ?
Only may the ages olden
 Call the Comforter their own ?
Ah ! their portion we inherit,
 Ours the sorrow, ours the sin !
We beseech the Holy Spirit —
 We the Comforter would win.

Charitable, Anniversary, Missionary, and other Meetings.

227

7s M.

J. NEWTON.

New Year.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.
- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find, —
As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love,
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

Old or New Year.

- 1 God of the changing year, whose arm of power
 In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
 Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,
 To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.
- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
 And pour around the gladdening light of day ;
 Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
 To cheer its hours of darkness — all are thine.
- 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
 And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true.
 Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
 The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.
- 4 Yet when our hearts review departed days,
 How vast thy mercies ! how remiss our praise !
 Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
 Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.

- 5 O, lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee ;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be ;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

229

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

New Year.

- 1 **ETERNAL** source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.
- 4 O, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain :
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine ;
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My Gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more."

231

7 & 6s M.

H. H. H.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

National Anniversary.

- 1 BREAK forth in song, ye trees,
As, through your tops, the breeze
Sweeps from the sea ;
For on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs
That breeze a people brings,
Exiled, though free.
- 2 Ye sister hills, lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due ; —
These are the great of earth,
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.
- 3 These are the living lights,
That from your bold, green heights,
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom to the flame
Come, as the Magi came
Towards Bethlehem's star.
- 4 Gone are those great and good,
Who here in peril stood
And raised their hymn.

Peace to the reverend dead !
 The light that on their head
 Two hundred years have shed
 Shall ne'er grow dim.

5 Ye temples, that to God
 Rise where our fathers trod,
 Guard well your trust, —
 The faith, that dared the sea,
 The truth, that made them free,
 Their cherished purity,
 Their garnered dust.

6 Thou high and holy ONE,
 Whose care for sire and son
 All nature fills ;
 While day shall break and close,
 While night her crescent shows,
 O, let thy light repose
 On these our hills.

233

6 & 4s M.

S. F. SMITH

National Anniversary.

1 My country, 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

- 2 My native country, thee —
 Land of the noble free —
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet Freedom's song :
 Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break, —
 The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King !

Our Country.

- 1 Now pray we for our country, —
 Pray that it long may be
 The holy, and the happy,
 And the gloriously free !

- 2 Who blesseth her is blessed !
So peace be in her walls ;
And joy in all her villages,
Her cottages, and halls.

235

L. M.

FLINT.

National Anniversary.

- 1 IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage ;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.
- 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here ;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.
- 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought ;
They sowed in tears — in joy we reap ;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We 'll guard till we with them shall sleep.
- 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own
While here their name and race shall last.

Anniversary Hymn.

- 1 God of mercy, do thou never
From our offering turn away,
But command a blessing ever
On the memory of this day.
- 2 Light and peace, do thou ordain it;
O'er it be no shadow flung;
Let no deadly darkness stain it,
And no cloud be o'er it hung.
- 3 May the song this people raises,
And its vows to thee addressed,
Mingle with the prayers and praises
That thou hearest from the blessed.
- 4 When the lips are cold that sing thee,
And the hearts that love thee dust,
Father, then our souls shall bring thee
Holier love and firmer trust.

Anti-Slavery Meeting.

- 1 MEN! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?

If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed —
 Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

2 Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?
 No ! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free !

3 They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak ;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think ;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

238

P. M.

WARREN ST. COL.

Triumph.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness !
 Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness ;
 Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them
 And scattered their legions was mightier far ;
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them,
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
 Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
 The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Obtaining a Western Missionary.

- 1 WHERE, for a thousand miles,
 The sweet Ohio smiles,
 On bed of sand ;
 Where prairies blossom broad,
 Fair gardens sown by God,
 And lakes their ocean-flood
 Pour from his hand ;
- 2 Where sleep, in rest profound,
 Beneath each ancient mound,
 A buried race ;
 There, brother, go and teach ;
 From heart to heart shall reach
 Thy free and earnest speech
 Of heavenly grace.
- 3 Where the tall forest waves
 Above those mouldering graves,

God's truth declare ;
 While his "first temples" spread
 Their arches o'er thy head,
 Lift o'er the slumbering dead
 The voice of prayer.

4 While rolls the living tide
 Down Alleghany's side,
 Its ceaseless flood ;
 Upon the mountains, there,
 How beautiful appear
 The feet of those who bear
 Tidings of good.

5 O Thou, whose suns and rains
 Upon those mighty plains
 Fall evermore ;
 Send down the dews of peace,
 The sun of righteousness,
 And let thy light increase
 From shore to shore !

240

6 & 4s M.

NICOLL

God Save the Poor.

1 LORD, from thy blessed throne,
 Sorrow look down upon !
 God save the poor !
 Teach them true liberty,
 Make them from tyrants free,
 Let their homes happy be !
 God save the poor !

2 The arms of wicked men
 Do thou with might restrain, —
 God save the poor !
 Raise thou their lowliness,
 Succor thou their distress,
 Thou whom the meanest bless ;
 God save the poor !

3 Give them stanch honesty,
 Let their pride manly be, —
 God save the poor !
 Help them to hold the right,
 Give them both truth and might,
 Lord of all life and light ;
 God save the poor !

Close of the Year.

1 God of eternity ! from thee
 Did infant time his being draw :
 Moments and days, and months and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and swift they glide away :
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in eternity's wide sea,
 The boundless gulf from which it rose.

- 3 Great source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
 To know the price of every hour,
 That time may bear us on to joys
 Beyond its measure and its power.

242

6 & 4s M.

MARRIOTT.

Missions.

- 1 Thou, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight !
 Hear us, we humbly pray,
 And where the Gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light !
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight !
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Light to the inly blind,
 O, now to all mankind
 Let there be light !
- 3 Descend thou from above,
 Spirit of truth and love,
 Speed on thy flight !
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Spirit of hope and grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light !

243

L. M. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

Progress of Truth.

- 1 O THOU in whose eternal name
Went forth the apostles' ardent host,
Baptize us with the hallowed flame
That fell from heaven at Pentecost !
- 2 And while thy people bend and pray
Towards thy benignant throne of light,
Give answer in the dawning day
Of freedom, mercy, truth, and right.
- 3 Immortal truth ! it lives in thee ;
Our hope shall lean on thee alone !
Thy Christ be all our liberty,
And all our strength and will thy own !
- 4 Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies
In every meek, believing breast,
Reveal before thy children's eyes
That kingdom's coming, and its rest !

244

6 & 4s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Our Land.

- 1 God bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night ;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies ;
On him we wait ;
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh ; —
God save the state !

245

6 & 4s M.

E. DAVIS.

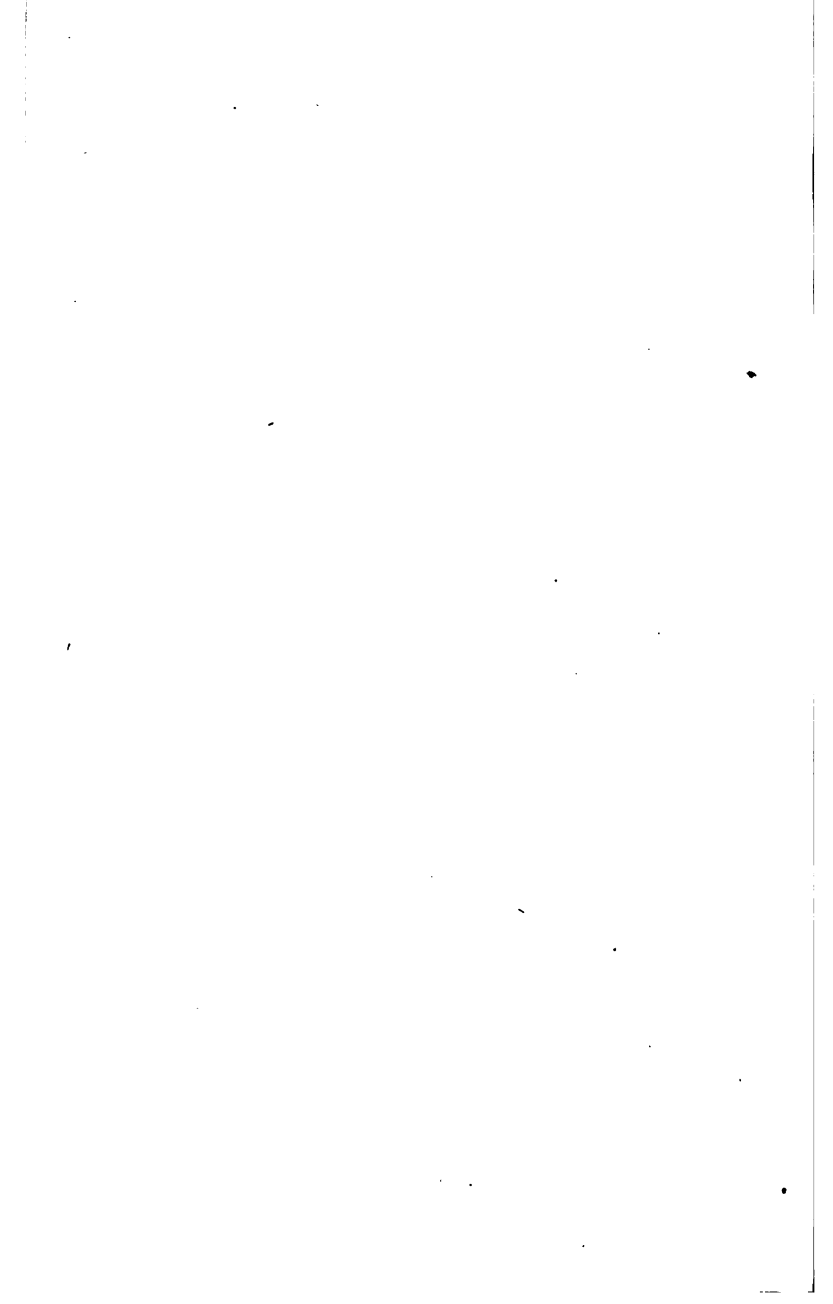
Brotherhood.

1 THE laws of Christian light,
These are our weapons bright,
Our mighty shield ;
Christ is our leader high,
And the broad plains which lie
Beneath the blessed sky,
Our battle-field.

2 On, then, in God's great name !
Let each pure spirit's flame
Burn bright and clear :
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, " Doubt not ! "
Be every fear forgot,
Christ leads us here.

3 So shall earth's distant lands,
In happy, holy bands,
One brotherhood,
Together rise and sing,
And joyful offerings bring,
And heaven's eternal King
Pronounce it good.

PART II.



Adoration.

246

C. M.

PATRICK.

Te Deum.

- 1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway !
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church, throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

Song of Adoration

- 1 LET one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires
To him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth himself inspires
Unite to sing him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties, combined,
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.
- 4 O, may the solemn breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

248

7s M.

J. TAYLOR

Glory to God.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymn your voices raise.
- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand:
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Awful being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down;
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

249

L. M.

HEBER.

Adoration.

- 1 O THOU whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through thy Spirit and thy Son!

- 2 Be ours, O King of Mercy ! still
 To feel thy presence from above,
 And in thy word, and in thy will,
 To hear thy voice, and know thy love !
- 3 Great First and Last ! thy blessing give !
 And grant us faith, thy gift alone,
 To love and praise thee while we live,
 And do whate'er thou wouldst have done.
- 4 And when the toils of life are done,
 And nature waits thy dread decree,
 To find our rest beneath thy throne,
 And look, in humble hope, to thee.

The only True God.

- 1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
 All things are subject to thy laws,
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
 Of all within itself possessed ;
 Controlled by none are thy commands ;
 Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs ;
 Worship to thee alone we give ;
 Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
 And to thy glory may we live.

- 4 Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands;
 Their idol deities dethrone;
 Subdue the world to thy commands,
 And reign, as thou art, God alone.

251

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

God the only Object of Worship.

- 1 O God, our strength, to thee the song
 With grateful hearts we raise;
 To thee, and thee alone, belong
 All worship, love, and praise.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
 Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
 And graciously thine arm of power
 Hath saved us from despair.
- 3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
 Wilt keep thy promise still,
 If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
 We seek to do thy will.
- 4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
 Ne'er may we bow the knee
 To idols which our wayward hearts
 Set up instead of thee.
- 5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
 Thy faithful people bless;
 For them shall earth its stores afford,
 And heaven its happiness.

Goodness of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee !
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend !

253

C. M.

WATTS

God is Everywhere.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest ;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

On the Sea-Shore.

- 1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high ;
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh.
- 2 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey thy dread control ;
 Yet still thou art not there.
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?
- 3 O, not in circling depth, or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his spirit rest.
 O come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest.

Universal Worship.

- 1 THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,
 Though on the waste no altar stand,
 Take comfort ! thou art not alone,
 While Faith hath marked thee for her own.

- 2 Wouldst thou a temple? — look above,
 The heavens stretch over all in love:
 A book? — for thine evangel scan
 The wondrous history of man.
- 3 And though no organ-peal be heard,
 In harmony the winds are stirred;
 And there the morning stars upraise
 Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

256

L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God's Eternity and Sovereignty.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundations strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne!
 Which shall no change or period see;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

God's Majesty and Sovereignty.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His power and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.
- 3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name
" My Father and my Friend " ?
I love his name,
I love his word ;
Join, all my powers,
And praise the Lord.

258

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Him who is Invisible.

- 1 **ETERNAL** and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre 's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see,
And with its tremblings mingle joy
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates wears.
- 4 O, ever-conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge, —
To bear thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

259

L. M.

WATTS.

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 4 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

260

L. M.

T. H. GILL.

The Hidden and Revealed God

- 1 O HEIGHT that doth all height excel,
Where the Almighty doth abide!
- O awful depth unsearchable,
Wherein the eternal One doth hide.

- 2 What secret place, what distant star,
Is like, dread Lord, to thine abode ?
Why dwellest thou from us so far ?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God !
- 3 Vain searchers ! but we need not mourn,
We need not stretch our weary wings ;
Thou meetest us where'er we turn,
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.
- 4 The glory no man may abide
Doth visit us, a gracious guest ;
Thou, whom " excess of light " doth hide,
Here shinest sweetly manifest.
- 5 But sweetest, Lord, dost thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face ;
The heavenly majesty draws near,
And offers us its soft embrace.
- 6 To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come :
From us thou hidest thine abode,
But thou wilt make our souls thy home.
- 7 O, glory that no eye may bear !
O, Presence bright, our souls' sweet guest !
O, furthest off, O, ever near !
Most hidden and most manifest !

261

L. M.

SIR W. SCOTT

Imploring the Constant Presence of God

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out of the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray !
- 4 And, O, when stoops upon our path,
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

262

8 & 6s M.

C. SMART.

The Hymn.

- 1 WE sing of God, the mighty source
 Of all things, the stupendous force
 On which all things depend ;
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, power, and enterprise,
 Commence, and reign, and end.

- 2 The world, the clustering spheres, he made ;
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove, and hill ;
 The multitudinous abyss,
 Where secrecy remains in bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill.
- 3 Tell them I AM, Jehovah said
 To Moses, while earth heard with dread ;
 And, smitten to the heart,
 At once above, beneath, around,
 All nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, O Lord, THOU ART.

263

C. M.

WATTS.

Eternal Dominion of God.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
 How frail and weak are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made :
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view ;
 To thee there 's nothing old appears ;
 Great God ! there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou ! -
 How frail and weak are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

264

P. M.

HEBER.

Thrice Holy.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, sky,
 and sea.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea ;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
 Which wert and art and evermore shall be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness hide thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not
 see,
 Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

265

P. M.

BOWRING.

To the One God.

- 1 ANCIENT of Ages! humbly bent before thee,
 Songs of glad homage, Lord! to thee we bring:
 Touched by thy spirit, O teach us to adore thee,
 Sole God and Father, everlasting King;
 Let thy light attend us,
 Let thy grace befriend us!
 Eternal, unrivalled, all-directing King!
- 2 Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations,
 Through the wide universe thy name be known;
 Millions of voices shall join in adorations, —
 Join to adore thee, undivided One!
 Every soul invited,
 Every voice united, —
 United to praise thee, Undivided One!

266

7s M.

GASKELL.

The All-Seeing God.

- 1 MIGHTY God! the first, the last!
 What are ages in thy sight?
 But as yesterday when past,
 Or a watch within the night.
- 2 All that being ever knew,
 Far, far back, ere time had birth,
 Stands as clear within thy view
 As the present things of earth.

- 3 All that being e'er shall know
 On, still on, through farthest years,
 All eternity can show,
 Bright before thee now appears.
- 4 In thine all-embracing sight,
 Every change its purpose meets,
 Every cloud floats into light,
 Every woe its glory greets.
- 5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
 Calmly in this thought we'll rest, —
 Could we see as thou dost see,
 We should choose it as the best.

Lobe Supreme in God.

- 1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
 The fount of being's wondrous sea!
 Thy depth would every heart appall,
 That saw not love supreme in thee.
- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
 Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
 We know thee truly but in this,
 That thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
 O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
 And through the ceaseless web to trace
 Thy presence working all things well!

- 4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
 Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
 Nor strength and gladness lead astray
 From thee, our nature's only guide.
- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
 The deeper tone of reverent awe ;
 Make pure thy children's erring will,
 And teach their hearts to love thy law !

268

L. M. T. W. HIGGINSON.

God Known through Love.

- 1 No human eyes thy face may see ;
 No human thought thy form may know ;
 But all creation dwells in thee,
 And thy great life through all doth flow !
- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
 Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
 And every heart with sorrow fraught
 To seek thy present aid may dare.
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
 Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
 And vain the intellectual dream,
 To see and know the Eternal Mind, —
- 4 Yet thou wilt turn them not aside
 Who cannot solve thy life divine,
 But would give up all reason's pride
 To know their hearts approved by thine.

- 5 And thine unceasing love gave birth
 To our dear Lord, thy holy Son,
 Who left a perfect proof on earth
 That Duty, Love, and Truth, are one.
- 6 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
 And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
 Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
 And Love shall guide us on to thee !

269

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God our All.

- 1 O WONDROUS depth of grace divine,
 My soul would fain adore :
 Dear Father, let me call thee mine,
 And I will ask no more.
- 2 By thee in all things richly blest,
 Low at thy feet I fall ;
 Thou art my hope, my life, my rest,
 My Father, and my all.

270

7s M.

TOPLADY.

God our Life.

- 1 LORD, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny ;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'T is no longer death to die.

Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are thine ;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

271

L. M.

KIPPIS

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through ;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will !

To the Most High.

- 1 WHEN heaven and earth were yet unmade.
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone !
- 2 Thou wert not born ; there was no fount
From which thy being flowed ;
There is no end which thou canst reach :
But thou art simply God.
- 3 How wonderful creation is,
The work that thou didst bless !
And, O ! what, then, must thou be like,
Eternal Loveliness !
- 4 O listen, then, most Pitiful !
To thy poor creature's heart ;
It blesses thee that thou art God,
That thou art what thou art !

Praise.

273

78 M.

MONTGOMERY.

Glory to God in the Highest.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then amidst eternal joy
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

274

10 & 11s M.

PARK.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name !
 His mercies record, his bounties proclaim ;
 To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
 The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise !
- 2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
 Yet here by his works their Author is known ;
 The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
 And heaven views its image reflected below.
- 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
 God governs this earth with gracious design ;
 O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
 Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.
- 4 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
 Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed ;
 To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
 The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise !

275

8 & 7s M.

DUBLIN COL

All Creatures Invoked to Praise God.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore him ;
 Praise him, angels in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light !
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never can be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name !

276

C. M.

WATTS

Creating Wisdom.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise ;
 Thee the creation sings ;
 With thy great name rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace, rings.

- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
 How glorious to behold !
 Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starred with sparkling gold !
- 3 The noisy winds stand ready there
 Thy orders to obey ;
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,
 To make thy chariot way.
- 4 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
 Thy thunder shakes our coast,
 While the red lightnings wave along, —
 The banners of thine host.
- 5 The rolling mountains of the deep
 Observe thy strong command ;
 Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
 Or sink them to the sand.
- 6 Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through the worlds abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder, God.

- 1 My God ! all nature owns thy sway ;
 Thou giv'st the night and thou the day ;
 When all thy loved creation wakes.
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,

And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade,
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
 From earth the lingering spirit free,
 And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
 And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
 O, never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human sense in vain!
 But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
 Attune the wondering soul to praise;
 And be the joys that most we prize
 The joys that from thy favor rise!

Sincere Praise.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
 How wondrous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffused abroad
 Throughout creation's frame!

- 2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways to express
Her undissembled praise.
- 3 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.
- 4 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.
- 5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 6 Create my soul anew,
Or all my worship 's vain;
This sinful heart will not be true,
Till it be formed again.
- 7 In joy, then, let me spend
The remnant of my days;
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfume of praise.

279

L. M.

WATTS.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, Praise ye the Lord.

- 1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circles of our years, —
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dressed thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrowed light
Are softer rivals of the noon, —
- 4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honors pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.
- 5 Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day, are gone, —
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispersed through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

- 7 O God of glory, God of love !
 Thou art the sun that makes our days ;
 With all thy shining works above,
 Let earth and man attempt thy praise.

Mercies of Life.

- 1 How rich the blessings, O my God,
 Which teach this grateful heart to glow !
 How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
 The rivers of thy mercy flow !
- 2 How calmly rolls the sea of life !
 Secure in thine immortal trust,
 The soul has hushed her secret strife,
 Nor longer shudders at the dust.
- 3 Though sorrow's cloud a while o'ercast
 The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
 She knows that it must soon be past,
 And will unveil eternity.
- 4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
 Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
 Triumphant over earthly care,
 And the blest record thou wilt own.

284

L. M.

WATTS

The Books of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Harmony of Praise.

1 THOU, who dwell'st enthroned above !
Thou, in whom we live and move !
Thou, who art most great, most high !
God from all eternity !

- 2 O how sweet, how excellent
'T is when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs !

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord !

4 Decks the spring with flowers the field ?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?
Giver of all good below !
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.

5 Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
We thy praises will record ;
Giver of these blessings ! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord !
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing.
 In their great Creator
 Let all men rejoice,
 And heirs of salvation
 Be glad in their King.

- 2 Let them his great name
 Devoutly adore ;
 In loud swelling strains
 His praises express,
 Who graciously opens
 His bountiful store,
 Their wants to relieve, and
 His children to bless.

- 3 With glory adorned,
 His people shall sing
 To God, who defence
 And plenty supplies ;
 Their loud acclamations
 To him their great King
 Through earth shall be sounded,
 And reach to the skies.

4 Ye angels above,
 His glories who 've sung,
 In loftiest notes
 Now publish his praise;
 We mortals, delighted,
 Would borrow your tongue;
 Would join in your numbers,
 And chant to your lays.

Praise to God.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 Who, with all-commanding might,
 Filled the new-made world with light;
- 3 Caused the golden-tresséd sun
 All day long his course to run;
 And the moon to shine by night,
 'Mongst her spangled sisters bright.
- 4 His own people he did bless,
 In the wasteful wilderness;
 He hath with a piteous eye
 Viewed us in our misery.

- 5 All his creatures he doth feed ;
 His full hand supplies their need ;
 Let us, therefore, warble forth
 His high majesty and worth.

285

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

God our Creator and Benefactor.

- 1 My Maker and my King,
 To thee my all I owe ;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
 From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind,
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind,
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live ;
 My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.
- 4 O, what can I impart,
 When all is thine before ?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart ;
 The gift, alas, how poor !
- 5 O, let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine !

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PRAISE.

286

7s M.

MONTGOMERY

Universal Praise.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord ;
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;
Praise him from the depths beneath ;
Praise him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe !

287

L. M. 6 l.

T. MOORE.

God the Life and Light of the World.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

Hosanna to the Lord

- 1 Hosanna to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.

2 Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;
 O then, with thy protecting care,
 Return to this thy house of prayer !

3 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
 Eternal ! bid thy spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy thee !

Lobly Praise.

1 LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 Hear the praises of our race,
 And, while hearing, let thy grace
 Dews of sweet forgiveness pour ;
 While we know, benignant King,
 That the praises which we bring
 Are a worthless offering
 Till thy blessing makes it more.

2 More of truth, and more of might,
 More of love, and more of light,
 More of reason, and of right,
 From thy pardoning grace be given !
 It can make the humblest song
 Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
 As the strains the angels' throng
 Pour around the throne of heaven.

290

P. M.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Praise.

- 1 KING of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee;
And, that love may never cease,
I will move thee.
- 2 Thou hast granted my request;
Thou hast heard me :
Thou didst note my working breast;
Thou hast spared me.
- 3 Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
- 4 Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.
- 5 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
- 6 Small it is in this poor sort
To enroll thee :
E'en eternity 's too short
To extol thee.

God of Life.

1 **BLESSED** be thy name forever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping :
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name forever !

2 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest.
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, and dawning day, —
That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity ;
God of life ! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name forever !

Thanks for Mercies.

1 **FATHER** of lights ! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display

- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceed
 The copious drops of genial rain,
 Which o'er the hill, and through the mead,
 Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 O, let not our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
 But what thy liberal hand imparts
 Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 4 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
 And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,
 And thou, O God ! enjoyed in all.

293

C. M.

FABER.

The Eternal One.

- 1 How dread are thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord !
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored !
- 2 How beautiful, how beautiful
 The sight of thee must be,
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And awful purity !
- 3 No earthly father loves like thee,
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears, as thou hast done,
 With me, thy sinful child.

- 4 Only to sit and think of God, —
 O what a joy it is !
 To think the thought, to breathe the name, —
 Earth has no higher bliss !

294

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

The Grace of God.

- 1 SWEET, sweet these joys that throng me so, —
 Bright, bright this dwelling-place ;
 But sweeter, Lord, these joys may grow, —
 These visits of thy grace !
- 2 O sweet each gracious soul that lends
 My soul its dear embrace ;
 But, O, what heights the love ascends
 That feels itself thy grace !
- 3 This glowing heart must sorrow learn, —
 Tears these glad smiles replace ;
 But, O, these tears to smiles may turn,
 And grief may end in grace.
- 4 My Father ! each delightful hour
 Unveils thy smiling face ;
 I gather every glorious flower,
 And thank my God of grace.
- 5 O eager make my teeming soul
 To offer its embrace, —
 Of thy dear bounty bountiful,
 And gracious with thy grace !

295

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Gratitude and Grace.

- 1 ALAS these visits rare and rude
Unto thy holy place!
Our weak, wild bursts of gratitude, —
Thy calm, clear deeps of grace.
- 2 O, never shall thy mercy make
Our souls to rest in thine?
Nor mortal gratitude partake
The flow of grace divine?
- 3 When shall our grateful raptures rise
Fast as thy grace descends,
And link to endless harmonies
The love that never ends?

Submission and Reliance.

296

C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled !
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart shall rest on thee.

297

L. M.

NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

- 1 My God, I thank thee ; may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
 The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
 That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Thy frail and erring child must know .
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
 And, mid the wreck of human joy,
 Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

Acquiescence in the Divine Will.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee :
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide ;
O, let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide !
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply ;
The good unasked, O Father, grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

Light Shining out of Darkness.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ·
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

Crosses Borne.

- 1 My span of life will soon be done,
 The passing moments say ;
 As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
 Proclaim the close of day.

- O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs.
- 2 Courage, my soul ! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
Courage, my soul ! on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come ;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.
- 3 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
Or heaven and earth could see,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me ;
But thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,
Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ the corner-stone.
- 4 So comforted, and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All messengers of love ;
With silence and submissive awe,
Adored a chastening God,
Revered the terrors of the law,
And humbly kissed the rod.

301

7s. M.

COWPER.

Welcome, Cross.

- 1 'T is my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all, —
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil :
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

302

L. M. 6 l.

BOWRING

Help thou my Unbelief.

- 1 IF, listening, as I listen still,
 O God, to thine instructive word,
 In spite of all my spirit's will,
 Some whispering voice of doubt is heard, —
 That voice spontaneous from the soul,
 Which nought can check and nought control ; —

- 2 If, when most earnestly I pray
 For light, for aid, for strength, from thee,
 Some struggling thoughts will force their way
 And break my soul's serenity ; —
 If reason, thy best gift, will hold
 The sceptre only half controlled ; —
- 3 Help, and forgive ! Heaven's alphabet
 Hath many a word of mystery ;
 I read not all thy record yet,
 Though perseveringly I try ;
 But teach me, Lord, and none shall be
 More prompt, more pleased to learn of thee.

God's Merciful Providence.

- 1 O, LET my trembling soul be still,
 While darkness veils this mortal eye,
 And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
 Wrapped yet in fears and mystery :
 I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see ;
 Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.
- 2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,
 Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
 I can discern thy light afar,
 Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown ;
 And, should I faint a moment, then
 I think of thee, and smile again.

- 3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread
 The narrow path of duty on :
 What though some cherished joys are fled ?
 What though some flattering dreams are gone ?
 Yet purer, brighter joys remain :
 Why should my spirit, then, complain ?

304

L. M. 6 l.

MORAVIAN.

Libing to God.

- 1 O, DRAW me, Father, after thee ;
 So shall I run and never tire ;
 With gracious words still comfort me ;
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire ;
 Free me from every weight ; nor fear
 Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 2 From all eternity, with love
 Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued ;
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side !
- 3 In suffering, be thy love my peace ;
 In weakness, be thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 My God, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And bear me through death's whelming tide.

For a Holy Heart.

- 1 GREAT source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy Holy Spirit write
Thy law upon my heart !
My soul would cleave to thee ;
Let nought my purpose move ;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love !
- 2 Imbue my constant mind
With deep humility,
And let an ardent zeal be joined
With perfect charity ;
That grace to me impart,
With meekness to reprove,
To hate the sin with all my heart,
And still the sinner love.
- 3 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer !
Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

God our Preserver.

- 1 UPWARD I lift my eyes ;
From God is all my aid —
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears :
Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death ?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath :
 I 'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow ;
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I
 stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;
 O, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom
 of love.

308

L. M.

WATTS.

Darkness of Providence.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 The obscure abyss of providence !
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Through seas and storms of deep distress
 We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the terrors of the night.
- 3 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still let us lean upon our God ;
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

309

L. M. 6 l.

ADDISON

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Paternal Providence of God.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

- 2 Thou givest, with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,
 To all their necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
 On thine eternal will depend ;
 And all for greater good were given,
 Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care! — to all beside
 Indifferent let my wishes be ;
 Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 And fixed my soul, great God! on thee.

311

L. M.

TATE & BRADY

Perfections and Providence of God.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
 Beyond the sparkling skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains ;
 Unfathomed depths thy judgments are ;
 Thy providence the world sustains ;
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust !

312, 313 **SUBMISSION AND RELIANCE.**

- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain head,
 Of joys that shall forever last.

312 **L. M.** **WATTS.**

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

- 1 My God, in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry ;
 The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angel from the sky,
 And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God !
 Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

313 **C. M.** **DODDRIDGE.**

Days of the Upright known to God.

- 1 To thee, my God, my days are known ;
 My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thy face,
 Nor are my faults forgot.

- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents
 Is vocal to thine ear ;
 And all my walks of daily life
 Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
 Thy mercy shall approve ;
 And every pang of sympathy,
 And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
 Is gilded by thy rays ;
 And dark affliction's midnight gloom
 A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
 And in thy view I die ;
 And, when each mortal bond is broke,
 Shall find my God is nigh.

314

C. H. M.

CONDER.

Blessedness of Submission in Trials.

- 1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
 Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
 And bless his sparing power,
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

- 2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though trials fix me there,
 Is still a privilege most sweet,
 For he will hear my prayer ;
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 The Lord is nigh to answer me.
- 3 O, blessed be the hand that gave, —
 Still blessed when it takes ;
 Blessed be he who smites to save, —
 Who heals the heart he breaks :
 Perfect and true are all his ways,
 Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

Nearer to God.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me :
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee —
 Nearer to thee !
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee —
 Nearer to thee !

- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given :
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee —
 Nearer to thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise :
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee —
 Nearer to thee !
- 5 Or, if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly :
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee —
 Nearer to thee !

316

S. M.

Adoption.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father hath bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we shall be made ;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure ;
 May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in our Father's love
 We share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon our heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry ;
 And thou the kindred own.

Deliberances Acknowledged.

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see :
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.

- 3 Whither, O ! whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Father's breast,
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O God, my wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run,
 But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving thee alone.

318

C. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Trust in God through all Changes.

- 1 FATHER divine ! before thy view
 All worlds, all creatures, lie ;
 No distance can elude thy search,
 No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew,
 Our childhood was thy care ;
 And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
 Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
 Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
 Thine arm is our repose.

- 4 To thee we look, thou power supreme,
 O, still our wants supply !
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favor die.

Devotion and Virtue.

- 1 **SAVE** me from my foes ;
 Shield me, Lord, from harm ;
 Let me safe repose
 On thy mighty arm.
 Thou art God alone ;
 Those who seek thy heavenly face
 Thou wilt bless, and they shall own
 Thy matchless grace.
- 2 Pleasant is the land
 Where Jehovah's known,
 Where a pious band
 Bow before his throne ;
 Who with loud acclaim
 Sing his great and wondrous love,
 Who ere long shall praise his name
 With saints above.
- 3 Let my faith and love
 With my years increase ;
 Let me never rove
 From the paths of peace ;

But through life display
 Holy deeds and actions pure,
 That when life has passed away
 May bliss be sure.

320

S. M.

MORAVIAN.

The Christian Encouraged.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He everywhere hath rule,
 And all things serve his might ;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
 Yet earth and heaven tell
 God sits as sovereign on the throne ;
 He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
 Our hearts are known to thee :
 O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !

- 6 Let us, in life or death,
 Boldly thy truth declare;
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

God is Love.

- 1 God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move,
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will his changeless goodness prove
 From the gloom his brightness streameth,
 God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

322

L. M. 6 l. SARAH F. ADAMS

Thy Will be Done.

- 1 HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,—
Alike they 're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove,
With murmurs, whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.
- 3 O! ne'er will I at life repine —
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

3

8 & 6s M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Thy Will be Done."

- 1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still, and murmur not,
 And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."
- 3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield thee what is thine ;
 "Thy will, my God, be done."
- 4 Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will, my God, be done."

Faith in God's Love.

- 1 FATHER ! humbly we repose
 Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above,
 And bless thee for the peace which flows
 From faith in thine encircling love.
- 2 Though every earthly trust may break,
 Infinite might belongs to thee ;
 Though every earthly friend forsake,
 Unchangeable thou still wilt be.
- 3 Though griefs may gather darkly round,
 They cannot veil us from thy sight ;
 Though vain all human aid be found,
 Thou every grief canst turn to light.

- 4 All things thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath, and heaven above ;
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in thine encircling love.

325

L. M.

MRS. GILMAN.

A Father's Care.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power ; —
My Father ! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief ; —
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ; —
My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power,

326

10s M.

JONES VERY

The Son.

1 FATHER ! I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command,
To roll rejoicing on its silent way.

2 The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall ;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower, —
Then every drop speeds onward at thy call.

3 The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song ; —
So does my spirit wait thy presence now,
To pour thy praise in quickening life along.

327

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Divine Grace.

1 MY God ! my Majesty divine !
My very presence bright !
Thou life, thou love, thou joy of mine !
My soul's own infinite !

2 Art thou not mine ? for my poor sake,
Dost thou not wondrously ?
Dost not thou of thy glory take
To give it unto me ?

- 3 Are not my sins the witnesses
That thou art not at home?
Doth not my penitence express
That thou again wilt come?
- 4 And when I sorely strove with sin,
Wast thou not strong for me?
O, did we not together win
That precious victory?
- 5 Waits not my soul, for thee to show
The work it must fulfil?
Art thou not hidden in my woe?
And there how gracious still!
- 6 When fulness of delight is mine,
Stands not thy glory by,
And helps each happy hour to shine
With wondrous radiancy?
- 7 Thou God of mine! eternal be
The fulness of thy grace!
O, still be pleased to shine in me!
Keep, keep thy dwelling-place!

Full Salvation.

- 1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do and bear.

- 2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 3 Haste thee on from cross to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
 God's own hand shall lead thee there.

Hobe of God's Will.

- 1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God !
 And all thy ways adore,
 And every day I live, I long
 To love thee more and more.
- 2 Man's weakness waiting upon God
 Its end can never miss,
 For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.
- 3 He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost ;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.
- 4 Ill that God blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill ;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be his dear will !

- 5 When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison-walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to thee.
- 6 I have no cares, O blessed will !
 For all my cares are thine ;
 I live in triumph, Lord ! for thou
 Hast made thy triumphs mine.

330

7s M.

T. H. GILL.

Fellowship of the Spirit.

- 1 SPIRIT that with me dost dwell,
 Make thy presence richly known !
 Holy deeds send forth to tell
 Of the bright communion !
- 2 Peaceful Spirit ! hath the soul
 Where thy voice so sweet doth sound,
 Of thy mighty music full,
 Ears to hear the roar around ?
- 3 Cheerful Spirit ! where but here
 In this happy home of thine,
 Floweth on such gladsome cheer ?
 Ever fresh the feast divine !
- 4 Holy Spirit ! give not o'er ;
 Leave not, leave not hallowing me, —
 Me thy temple evermore ;
 Mine thine own eternity !

Gift of the Spirit.

- 1 WOULD the Spirit more completely
 Make abode with saints of old ?
Would the Comforter more sweetly
 Thy first lovers, Lord, enfold ?
Wonders we may not inherit ;
 Signs and tongues we do not crave ;
Yet we still receive the Spirit —
 Still the Comforter we have.
- 2 Still are given its gifts most precious ;
 Open lies its richest store —
We may win its grace most gracious —
 We its deepest deep explore !
Signs most glorious, all excelling,
 Witness brightest we may show ;
Sure the Holy Ghost is dwelling
 With the souls that holier grow.
- 3 Hope that makes ashamed never,
 Perfect peace that passeth thought,
Mighty joy that stayeth ever,
 Love divine that changeth not ; —
Such the gifts that still are given ; —
 Such the glory we may boast ;
Help us, Lord, to this pure heaven —
 Breathe on us the Holy Ghost.

332

8, 7, & 4s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Gentle Guidance

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O, gently lead us
 Through these scenes of joy and tears;
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears;
 O, refresh us,
 O, refresh us by thy grace!

333

C. M.

T. H. GILL

Grieve not the Spirit.

- 1 LORD! am I precious in thy sight?
 Lord, wouldst thou have me thine?
 May it be given me to delight
 The Majesty divine?
- 2 What! dost thou sweetly urge and press
 My soul thy heaven to win?
 Lord! dost thou love my holiness?
 Lord! dost thou hate my sin?
- 3 O Holy Spirit! dost thou mourn
 When I from thee depart?
 Dost thou rejoice when I return,
 And give thee back my heart?
- 4 O! sweet, strange height of grace divine,
 My sin thy grief to make —
 And this poor faithfulness of mine
 For thy delight to take!

5 O, let me, Lord, each grace possess
 That makes thy heaven more bright ;
 And bring the humble holiness
 That gives my God delight.

I am Thine.

- 1 O THOU that sittest in heaven, and seest
 My deeds without, my thoughts within,
 Be thou my prince, be thou my priest ;
 Command my soul, and cure my sin :
 How bitter my afflictions be
 I care not, so I rise to thee.
- 2 What I possess or what I crave
 Brings no content, great God, to me,
 If what I would, or what I have,
 Be not possessed and blest in thee :
 What I enjoy, — O ! make it mine,
 In making me, that have it, thine.
- 3 When winter fortunes cloud the brows
 Of summer friends ; when eyes grow strange ;
 When plighted faith forgets its vows ;
 When earth and all things in it change ; —
 O Lord ! thy mercies fail me never ;
 Where once thou lovest, thou lovest forever.

335

L. M.

COWPER.

Trust in Sorrow.

- 1 God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Friend of the faithless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor !
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

336

L. M.

KEBLE.

‘ Whom the Lord Loveth, he Chasteneth.’

- 1 WISH not, dear friends, my pain away, —
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God, in all my griefs, to stay,
Nor from his loved correction start.

- 2 For we, like vexed, unquiet sprights,
Will still be hovering o'er the tomb,
Where buried lie our vain delights,
Nor sweetly take a sinner's doom.
- 3 In life's long sickness evermore
Our thoughts are tossing to and fro:
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.
- 4 Were it not better to lie still,
Let him strike home, and bless the rod,
Never so safe as when our will
Yields undiscerned by all but God?
- 5 Thy precious things, whate'er they be,
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain;
Look at the cross, and thou shalt see
How thou may'st turn their loss to gain.

The Peace of God.

- 1 LORD! can this weak world sore wound us,
When such balm thy grace doth pour?
Lord! can want and woe confound us,
When thou givest of thy store, —
When thou offerest
Perfect peace forevermore?

- 2 Thou alone thine own grace lendest :
 Lord ! from thee this peace of thine '
Secretly thy peace thou sendest,
 Softly seekest some meek shrine '
 Sweetly makest
 Some sad, striving soul divine.
- 3 Of the raging world they hear not
 Whom thy sweet peace singeth to :
Warfare with the world they fear not
 Whom thy strong peace doth renew.
 Mighty meek ones !
 Perfect peace exalteth you.
- 4 Highest thought this peace transcendeth ;
 Sages here have nought to tell ;
Yea ! the awful glory blendeth
 With the things ineffable.
 Seraphs speak not
 The deep peace they know full well.
- 5 Yet this peace that thought confoundeth
 Is of simplest souls possessed ;
Yet this awful grace aboundeth
 With thy least and lowliest :
 Meanest mansion
 Boasteth oft the Heavenly Guest.
- 6 O, this sweet and sure possession !
 O, this thought-o'erwhelming deep !
Seraphs hail the widening vision —

Feeble saints the comfort keep :
Lord, we crave it —
In thy peace our spirits steep.

Only ~~Waiting~~ Waiting.

- 1 ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.
- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home ;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate ;

Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting.
Only waiting to obey.

- 4 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Christ.

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11s M.

L'RHUMMOND.

Preparation for Christ.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill ;
The Lord is advancing ! prepare ye the way !
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of
day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering
to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high :
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and
even,
For Zion, your King, your Redeemer, is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine ;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her Lord ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

340

C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PS.

Guiding Star to Christ.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But, lo ! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey ;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given ;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

341

S. M.

G. BARMBY

Baptism of Jesus.

- 1 THE symbol stream was shed,
The liquid life was poured
Upon the humble Master's head —
The twice-anointed Lord !

- 2 Descends God's spirit high,
 God's bright electric love,
 To warm his breast with energy,
 In likeness of a dove.
- 3 With wings inspired of flame,
 On him, from high above,
 It lit, and thus God's spirit came —
 That heavenly-hearted dove !
- 4 O, Christ ! our souls are thine;
 Laved in thy loveliest love —
 Descend on us, O dove divine !
 Descend, O heavenly dove !

Christ's Manifestation.

- 1 WE meditate the day
 Of triumph and of rest,
 When, shown of God, and shaped in clay
 The word was manifest.
- 2 Lord, give it gracious sweep,
 And here its errand bless,
 Whose mercy sent it o'er the deep,
 To glad a wilderness.
- 3 Ray out its starry light,
 To guide our pilgrim way —
 A sign of hope through this world's night,
 And brighter than its day.

- 4 Again thy witness-voice !
 Again thy spirit-dove !
 That hearts may in its trust rejoice,
 And soften with its love.
- 5 Send round its blessed cup,
 As once in Galilee ;
 And catch our dull affections up
 To heaven, and Christ, and thee.

343

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Message.

- 1 HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
 The Saviour promised long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
 Exerts its sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasure of his grace
 Enrich the humble poor.

- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Teaching of Jesus.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

- 1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry !
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !
 O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
 To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
 The Father on his sapphire throne
 Expects his own anointed Son !

346

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

Christ in the Midst of his People.

- 1 ON the first Christian Sabbath eve,
 When his disciples met,
 O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
 Nor knew the Scripture yet —
- 2 Lo, in their midst his form was seen,
 The form in which he died ;
 Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
 His hands, his feet, his side.
- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
 And hailed him, yet with fear ; —
 Jesus, again thy presence show ;
 Meet thy disciples here.

- 4 Be in our midst ; let faith rejoice
 Our risen Lord to view,
 And make our spirits hear thy voice
 Say, " Peace be unto you."
- 5 And while with thee in social hours
 We commune through thy word,
 May our hearts burn, and all our powers
 Confess, " It is the Lord."

Christ the Judge.

- 1 In the sun and moon and stars
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;
 Darker storms the mountain sweep,
 Redder lightning rend the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
 Racking doubt and restless fear ;
 And, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But though from that awful face
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh !

348

L. M.

BISHOP HEBER.

Christ Coming to Judgment.

- 1 THE Lord will come ; the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride ?
O God, is this the Crucified ?
- 4 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

349

P. M.

LUTHER.

Luther's Judgment Hymn.

- 1 GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ; —
Prepare, my soul, to meet him !

Christ's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Christ's Future Church.

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise ;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes !
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn !
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings !
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

352

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more ;
- 2 People and realms, of every tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Song of the Redeemed.

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day, the young, the old,
The Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng ;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Then, hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the song in heaven !

354

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Lobe to Christ.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

355

6 & 4s M.

PRATT'S COL.

Worthy is the Lamb.

- 1 COME, all ye sons of God ;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame :
Tell what his love has done ;
Trust in his name alone ;
Shout to his lofty throne,
" Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
 Dry up your mournful tears ;
 Swell the glad theme ;
 Praise ye our gracious king ;
 Strike each melodious string ;
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 " Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark ! how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Saviour's love,
 Dwell on his name !
 There, too, may we be found,
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 " Worthy the Lamb."

Hope in Christ.

1 O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled ?
 Nor longer might thy grace endure
 To heal the sick and raise the dead,
 And preach the Gospel to the poor ?

2 Come, Jesus, come ! return again ;
 With brighter beam thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
 And share thy kingdom's happiness !

- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
 In darkness and in doubt we roam,
 And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
 Our hope, our harbor, and our home.
- 4 Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,
 When death rides darkly on the sea,
 And strength and earthly daring fail,
 Our hopes, Redeemer, rest on thee !

357

L. M. CHRISTIAN BALLADS.

Character of Christ.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine
 That in thy meekness used to shine ;
 That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
 In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !
- 2 O, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
 So pure, so made to live in light !
 O, who like thee did ever go
 So patient through a world of woe !
- 3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
 The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ;
 So meek, forgiving, god-like, high,
 So glorious in humility !
- 4 The bending angels stooped to see
 The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
 And smile as in a father's eye,
 Upon thy mild divinity.

- 5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn, to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

The Saviour.

- 1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole !
Finish thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2 Speak, the second time, " Be clean !"
Take away my inbred sin ;
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire :
None but Christ to me be given !
None but Christ in earth or heaven.
- 4 O, that I might now decrease !
O, that all I am might cease !
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all !

Christ who Strengtheneth Me.

- 1 **FEEBLE**, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die ?
Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
Who shall lead thy child to thee ?
- 2 **Blessed Father**, gracious one,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son ;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 **Through this world**, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever learn of him ;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.
- 4 **Thus in deed**, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die :
- 5 **Learn to live in peace and love**,
Like the perfect ones above ; —
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

360, 361

CHRIST.

360

7s M.

METHODIST COL

Following Christ.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and low in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!
- 2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below ;
Only guided by thy light ;
Only mighty in thy might !
- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow :
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness ;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

361

S. M.

METHODIST COL

Copping Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

2 In me thy Spirit dwell !
 In me thy mercy move !
 So shall the fervor of my zeal
 Be the pure flame of love.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- 1 SWEET thy memory, Saviour blest,
 In the true believer's breast :
 Musing on thy precious name,
 Purest joys his heart inflame.
- 2 By the ear or tuneful tongue
 Nought so sweet is heard or sung ;
 Nought the mind can dwell upon
 Sweet as God's beloved Son.
- 3 Thou the contrite sinner's stay,
 Who thy goodness can display ?
 How to those who seek thee kind !
 What, ah, what to those who find ?
- 4 Tongue can speak not their delight,
 Nor can pen of man indite ;
 None can know, but they who prove,
 What it is their Lord to love.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

- 1 UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine ;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self become more wise.
- 3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world ;
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

Triumph of Truth and Goodness.

- 1 THE sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
And calmly drained the fatal draught :
Such pledge did Grecian justice give
To one who taught them how to live.

- 2 The Christ, in piety assured,
 The anguish of his cross endured :
 Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
 On him who taught us how to die.
- 3 Mid prison-walls the sage could trust
 That men would grow more wise and just ;
 From Calvary's mount the Christ could see
 The dawn of immortality.
- 4 Who know to live, and know to die,
 Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh ;
 Power may oppress and priestcraft ban ;
 Justice and faith are God in man.

365

6 & 10s M.

MRS. MILES

Looking unto Jesus.

- 1 THOU, who didst stoop below,
 To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality, —
 Thy blessed labors done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
Hast past from earth — passed to thy home on high.
- 2 It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;
 And shall we, in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

3 O Thou, who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife;
 Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom,
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
 That light of love our guiding star shall be;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee

Triumph of the Gospel.

- 1 Pour, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man!
 Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:
 Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
 And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.
- 2 On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart,
 In every latitude, thou ownest the key:
 From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
 With all their treasures first unlocked by thee!
- 3 Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread!
 With all the noblest virtues in thy train:
 Be all to thy blest freedom captive led;
 And Christ, the true emancipator, reign!

367

7s M.

WESLEY.

Christ Within Us.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storms of life be past :
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart ;
 Rise to all eternity.

368

7 & 6s M.

LYRA CATH.

Longing for Christ.

- 1 MY spirit longeth for thee
 To dwell within my breast ;
 Although I am unworthy
 Of so divine a guest !
- 2 Of so divine a guest
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet hath my heart no rest
 Until it come to thee !

- 3 Until it come to thee,
 In vain I look around ;
 In all that I can see,
 No rest is to be found !
- 4 No rest is to be found,
 But in thy bleeding love ;
 O, let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above !

369

7s M.

TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands :
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone !

370

7 & 5s M.

S. F. SMITH

The Everlasting Gospel.

- 1 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight ;
 Angel, onward speed ;
 Cast abroad thy radiant light,
 Bid the shades recede ;

Tread the idols in the dust,
 Heathen fanes destroy ;
 Spread the Gospel's holy trust,
 Spread the Gospel's joy.

- 2 Onward speed thy conquering flight ;
 Angel, onward speed ;
 Morning bursts upon our sight, —
 'T is the time decreed :
 Jesus now his kingdom takes,
 Thrones and empires fall ;
 And the joyous song awakes,
 " God is all in all."

371

C. M.

MOORE.

The Future Church.

- 1 But who shall see the glorious day,
 When, throned on Zion's brow,
 The Lord shall rend the veil away
 That hides the nations now !
 When earth no more beneath the fear
 Of his rebuke shall lie,
 When pain shall cease, and every tear
 Be wiped from every eye !
- 2 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
 Beneath the heathen's chain ;
 Thy days of splendor shall return,
 And all be new again.

The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace by all who come ;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost wanderer home.

The Ascension.

- 1 WHY is thy face so lit with smiles,
Mother of Jesus, why ?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky ?
- 2 From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.
- 3 His rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast ;
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the shadow passed.
- 4 The silver cloud hath sailed away,
The skies are blue and free ;
The road that vision took is now
Sunshine and vacancy.
- 5 The feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
Those living feet, are gone ;
Mother ! thou canst but stoop and kiss
Their print upon the stone.

- 6 Yea! he hath left thee, mother dear!
His throne is far above;
How canst thou be so full of joy
When thou hast lost thy Love?
- 7 O, surely earth's poor sunshine now
To thee mere gloom appears,
When he is gone who was its light
For three-and-thirty years.
- 8 Why do not thy sweet hands detain
His feet upon their way?
O, why doth not the mother speak
And bid her Son to stay?
- 9 Ah, no! thy love is rightful love,
From all self-seeking free;
The change that is such gain to him
Can be no loss to thee!
- 10 'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,
To feel his presence near;
Yet loyal love his glory holds
A thousand times more dear.
- 11 Ah! never is our love so pure
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain!
- 27 313

Cana.

- 1 DEAR friend ! whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine, —
- 2 Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.
- 3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.
- 4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angel visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.
- 5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

374

L. M.

DAWSON'S HYMNS.

Death of Jesus.

- 1 A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O, Father! take this cup away."
- 2 Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth, for all her children, saith,
"O God! take not this cup away."
- 3 O, Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou 'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.
- 4 O, king of earth! the cross ascend:
O'er climes and ages, 't is thy throne:
Where'er thy failing eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thy own.

375

8, 7, & 4s M.

T. H. GILL.

Lord, to whom shall we go?

- 1 SAVIOUR! needs the world no longer
To rejoice beneath thy light?
Have we lovers sweeter, stronger?
Beams for us a sun more bright?
Are we weary
Of thy mercy and thy might?

- 2 Mighty Lord, so high above us,
Loving brother, all our own,
Who will help us, who will love us,
Like to thee who all hast known —
Who hast provéd
Darksome grave and heavenly throne?
- 3 Who so gentle to the sinners
As the soul that never fell?
Who so strong to make us winners
Of the height he won so well?
Alway victor!
Make thine own invincible!
- 4 From the cross hath gone the glory?
Seems it less divinely borne?
Sweetest day of man's sad story
Shineth not that rising morn?
Heavenly dweller!
Leave, O leave not earth forlorn!
- 5 Yesterday doth tribute render
To the brightness of thy sway;
O, the holy, happy splendor
That thou pourest on to-day!
Must it vanish?
Hast thou given thine all away?
- 6 Endless lover! never, never
Wilt thou cease to save and shine;
Yesterday, to-day, forever,

All the ages, Lord, are thine !
 Come and bless them,
 Come and make them more divine !

376

L. M.

G. BARMBY.

Follow Me.

- 1 BESIDE the shore of Galilee
 A voice was heard athwart the sea —
 A voice at once of tender tone,
 Yet solemn as an organ's own :
 And humble fishers, as they heard,
 Forgot their nets, obeyed its word,
 Left all, disciples true to be,
 For Christ had uttered — Follow me !

- 2 As seated at the custom's board
 The faithful Levi saw the Lord,
 And in his heart the bell was rung
 For worship from that fruitful tongue—
 He left his trade, he left his gold :
 His heart grew large, his breast was bold —
 He went disciple true to be,
 For Christ had told him — Follow me !

- 3 And still e'en now we hear that voice :
 Hark, silvery strains ! Rejoice ! rejoice !
 Above the clouds, beyond the air,
 Up highest heavens' sapphire stair —

Beyond life's gate of mortal bar,
 From sky to sky, from star to star,
 It quivereth, echoeth, floweth free,
 For Christ still calleth — Follow me !

377

C. M.

HEBER

Christ the Healer.

- 1 THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
 Each wave a watery hill :
 The Saviour wakened from his sleep ;
 He spake, and all was still.
- 2 The madman in a tomb had made
 His mansion of despair ;
 Woe to the traveller who strayed
 With heedless footsteps there !
- 3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
 He heard those accents mild ;
 And, melting at Messiah's feet,
 Wept like a weaned child.
- 4 O madder than the raving man !
 O deafer than the sea !
 How long the time since Christ began
 To call in vain to me !
- 5 Yet, could I hear him once again,
 As I have heard of old,
 Methinks he should not call in vain
 His wanderer to the fold.

- 6 O God, that every thought canst know,
 And answer every prayer !
 O give me sickness, want, or woe,
 But snatch me from despair !

378

7s M.

LAMARTINE.

The Victory of Christ

- 1 Thou dost come, all-healing Lord,
 Thou dost speak, and, lo ! thy word
 Maketh truth o'er falsehood strong,
 Maketh right prevail o'er wrong.
- 2 Immortality forth breaketh
 Time's best brightness to outglow !
 And sweet hope yet briefer maketh
 Our brief exile here below.
- 3 Love celestial maketh light,
 Lifteth up each burden here ;
 Lo ! the eternal age dawns bright !
 No remorse need be despair.
- 4 Deeper worth the just soul hath ;
 Virtue lowlier, loftier grows ;
 Children know, by humble faith ;
 Wisdom nought more glorious knows.
- 5 And man, whom this glory cheers,
 Man, for whom this light is sown,
 Resteth fast, two thousand years,
 In thy word's strange strength alone.

Midnight Thoughts at Sea.

- 1 BORNE upon the ocean's foam,
Far from native land and home,
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
Brooding o'er our venturous path,
While the mountain wave is rolling,
And the ship's bell faintly tolling;
Saviour! on the boisterous sea,
Bid us rest secure in thee.
- 2 Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,
Sweep us on with headlong force,
And the bark which tempests urge
Moans and trembles at their scourge;
Yet, if wildest tempests swell,
Be thou near and all is well.
Saviour! on the stormy sea,
Let us find repose in thee.
- 3 Hearts there are with love that burn,
When to us afar they turn;
Eyes that show the rushing tear,
If our uttered names they hear:
Saviour! o'er the faithless main,
Bring us to those homes again,
As the trembler, touched by thee,
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

380

6 & 8s M.

W. B. TAPPAN.

The Way.

- 1 How sweet beneath the cross,
At once, subdued, to lie;
Soon as I feel my loss,
To find my gain is nigh;
Without the prelude of alarms,
To fall into my Saviour's arms!
- 2 How blest, impelled by gales
Of love, the port to win;
Never to furl the sails,
Till safely moored within;
To anchor in the sheltered bay,
Without one tempest on the way!
- 3 O, such was not my course,
When groping for the light;
Waves moaned and winds were hoarse,
And bitter was the night.
Across a gulf my vessel flew,
To halcyon Hope I bade adieu!
- 4 Till, to my utmost need,
The heavenly leader came;
I knew him — for my deed
Had put him, once, to shame.
What said he? — To my passions, "Cease!"
And straight my troubled soul had peace.

5 Methinks my final song,
Final, yet ending never,
Will cheerful praise prolong
To my dear Lord forever, —
Who, when I such hard passage trod,
My feet with full deliverance shod.

Inward Religion.

381

S. M.

METHODIST COL.

Prayer.

- 1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart ;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart :
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest ;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.
- 2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize ;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

What is Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 6 In prayer on earth the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
 The life, the truth, the way,
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

383

C. M.

H. H. MILMAN.

Praying for Divine Help.

- 1 O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Father, from on high!
 We know no help but thee;
 O, help us so to live and die
 As thine in heaven to be!

Preparation of the Heart.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 4 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live ,
- 5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

385

L. M. 6 l.

ANONYMOUS.

The Gospel adapted to give Peace and Rest.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Reveals thy weight of inward woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow :
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
Unburden here thy weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God :
Thy God 's thy Saviour — glorious word !
Forever love and praise the Lord.

386

7s M.

J. TAYLOR

Sins Confessed and Mourned.

1 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent :

- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain ;
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain :
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we own ;
 Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
 Hear our sad repentant songs ;
 O restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom all praise belongs.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day —
 O, why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found ;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear
 A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way :
 How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !

- 4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life ! Father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind :
In modest worth, O, let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

388

C. M.

METHODIST COL

We belong to God.

- 1 LET him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price ;
The Christian lives to God alone,
To God alone he dies !
- 3 Father, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Self-Dedication.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own ;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

Simplicity of Heart.

- 1 LORD, that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity ;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.
- 2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride ;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at thy feet :
- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child ;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

- 4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
 Spirit of truth and righteousness;
 Knowledge, love divine, impart,
 Life eternal to my heart.

391

7s M.

METHODIST COL.

God our Hope.

- 1 CENTRE of our hopes thou art,
 End of our enlarged desires;
 Stamp thine image on our heart;
 Fill us now with heavenly fires:
 Cemented by love divine,
 Seal our souls forever thine.
- 2 All our works in thee be wrought,
 Levelled at one common aim;
 Every word and every thought
 Purge in the refining flame:
 Lead us, through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us all together rise,
 To thy glorious life restored;
 Here regain our paradise,
 Here prepare to meet our Lord,
 Here enjoy the earnest given,
 Travel hand in hand to heaven!

392

L. M. 6 l.

METHODIST COL

Seeking Forgiveness.

- 1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive ;
And for thy own, possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live ;
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.
- 2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show !
Our hidden enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain !
- 3 O, put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love !
Write the new precept in our hearts :
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and forever thine !

393

L. M. 6 l.

METHODIST COL

Servant of God.

- 1 BEHOLD, the servant of the Lord !
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy every word,
To prove and do thy perfect will ;

Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Weakest of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose ;
Let all my fruit be found of thee ;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design,
O'errule, or change, as seems most meet ;
Father, let all my work be thine !
My work, O Lord, be all complete,
And pleasing in my Father's sight ;
Thou only doest all things right.
- 4 Here, then, to thee thy own I leave ;
Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay :
But let me all thy stamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey ;
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

For Christian Principles.

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;
A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word ;
 Thy promise is for me :
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee :
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

395

L. M. 6 l.

METHODIST COL.

Praying for Repentance.

- 1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er thy every creature needs ;
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;
 To thee I look, my heart prepare ;
 Suggest and hearken to my prayer.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
 Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say ;
 Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
 And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the weakness of my mind,
 Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;
 Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
 Averse from good and prone to ill ;
 Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
 Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love.

4 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel ;
 My utter misery reveal :
 Ah ! give me, Lord (I still would say),
 A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
 My business this, my only care,
 My life, my every breath, be prayer !

Christian Wants.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire ;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience, give.
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make !
 Awake my soul. when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove ;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having grieved thy love.

O, may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul ;
 And drive me to the love again
 Which makes the wounded whole.

397

C. M.

METHODIST COL

Formal Religion.

- 1 Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
 With unavailing pain :
 Fasted and prayed, and read thy word,
 And heard it preached, in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
 And near thine altar drew ;
 A form of godliness was mine,
 The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
 Nor knew its deep design :
 The length and breadth I never saw,
 And height, of love divine.
- 4 To please thee thus at length I see
 Vainly I hoped and strove :
 For what are outward things to thee,
 Unless they spring from love ?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
 Truth in the inward parts ;
 Our full consent, our whole desires,
 Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made ;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Father, to thee my soul looks up :
'Tis thou must make it new.

Seeking a Clean Heart.

1 BLEST instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee ;
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, my strength, propitious hear.

399

C. M.

BEDDOME

For Inward Truth.

- 1 Am I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know;
If I am wrong, O, set me right;
If right, preserve me so!

400

C. M.

METHODIST COL.

Seeking God.

- 1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove:
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

- 3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'T is all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see!
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Walking with God.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

402

7s M. 6 l.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul Panting for God.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,
 Panteth for the water-brooks,
 So my soul, athirst for thee,
 Pants the living God to see ;
 When, O, when, with filial fear,
 Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
 God, thy God, shall make thee whole ;
 Why art thou disquieted ?
 God shall lift thy fallen head,
 And his countenance benign
 Be the saving health of thine.

403

S. M.

FURNESS.

My Soul Panteth for God.

- 1 HERE, in a world of doubt,
 A sorrowful abode,
 O, how my heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God !

2 As for the water-brooks

The hart, expiring, pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for his presence faints.

3 O what have I below,

Or what but thee on high?
Thee, thee, O Father, would I know,
-And in thee live and die.

404

10s M.

DR. JOHNSON.

Exploring Divine Light.

1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

405

7s M.

METHODIST COL.

Seeking God.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!

Every mournful sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
 Love of God, appear, appear !
 To thy human temples come.

- 2 Come, in this accepted hour ;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in !
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin :
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less ;
 Be thou all our hearts' desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace !

406

L. M. 6 l.

WESLEY'S COL.

For the Direction of God's Spirit.

- 1 LEADER of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love ;
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy Word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray ;
 We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way ;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, almighty love, is near.

407

L. M. T. W. HIGGINSON.

I will Arise and go unto my Father.

- 1 To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.
- 2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O, leave not our maturer days!
We still are helpless without thee!
- 3 We trusted hope, and pride, and strength;
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length,—
We come to thee, O Lord, again!
- 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

408

L. M. 6 l.

C. WESLEY.

For the Influences of the Spirit.

- 1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

- 2 O, that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast;
 And make my soul his loved abode,
 The temple of indwelling God!

409

C. M.

WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

410

L. M.

DRYDEN.

"Creator Spirit."

- 1 O! SOURCE of uncreated light!
 By whom the worlds were raised from night;
 Come, visit every pious mind;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

Teachings of the Spirit.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals ;
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
 The mysteries of redeeming love,
 The emptiness of things below,
 The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
 Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
 To show the dangers of the way,
 And guide my feeble steps to God.

412

L. M. 6 l.

METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

- 1 FATHER, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
 O, knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there;
 Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
 Be thou alone my constant flame!
- 2 O, grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone:
 O, may thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
 Strange flames far from my heart remove;
 My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to this high prize aspire;
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard the sacred treasure there.

413

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Lead thou me on.

1 SEND kindly light amid the encircling gloom,

And lead me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;

Lead thou me on !

Keep thou my feet : I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou

Shouldst lead me on !

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead thou me on !

I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years !

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, surely still

'T will lead me on

Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

414

L. M. 6 l.

METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

1 O LOVE, how cheering is thy ray !

All pain before thy presence flies ;

Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,

Where'er thy healing beams arise :

O Father, nothing may I see,

Nothing desire or seek, but thee !

- 2 O that I, as a little child,
 May follow thee, and never rest
 Till sweetly thou hast breathed a mild
 And lowly mind into my breast ;
 Nor ever may we parted be,
 Till I become as one with thee.
- 3 Still let thy love point out my way !
 How wondrous things thy love hath wrought !
 Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
 Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

415

L. M. 6 l.

METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

- 1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows ;
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose :
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
 And fain I would ; but, though my will
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

- 3 'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee ;
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see ;
 O, when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend !
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share ?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in thee.

Aspiration.

- 1 O LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there ;
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry.
- 2 Ah, no ! ne'er will I backward turn ;
 Thine wholly, thine alone, I am ;
 Thrice happy he who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, — for thee his constant flame !
 O help, that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of thy love.

- 3 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 " I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"
 To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

417

7 & 6s M. METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

- 1 GIVE me the enlarged desire,
 And open, Lord, my soul,
 Thy own fulness to require,
 And comprehend the whole :
 Stretch my faith's capacity
 Wider and yet wider still ;
 Then with all that is in thee
 My soul forever fill !

418

7s M. METHODIST COL.

Aspiration.

- 1 SINCE the Son hath made me free,
 Let me taste my liberty ;
 Thee behold with open face,
 Triumph in thy saving grace :
 Thy great will delight to prove,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 2 Abba, Father ! hear thy child,
 Late in Jesus reconciled ;

Hear, and all the graces shower,
 All the joy, and peace, and power,
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life and heaven of love.

3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
 Till the blessing thou bestow :
 Hear my Advocate divine,
 Lo ! to his my suit I join ;
 Joined to his it cannot fail :
 Bless me ; for I will prevail !

4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine,
 Change my nature into thine !
 Move and spread throughout my soul !
 Actuate and fill the whole !
 Be it I no longer now
 Living in the flesh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay !
 Come, and in thy temple stay !
 Now thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear ;
 Spring of Life, thyself impart !
 Rise eternal in my heart !

Spiritual Blessings.

1 ALMIGHTY Father ! Thou hast many a blessing
 In store for every erring child of thine ;
 For this I pray, — let me, thy grace possessing,
 Seek to be guided by thy will divine.

- 2 Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest,
 Would I my supplications raise to thee ;
 Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,
 But only that I give that heart to thee.
- 3 I pray that thou wouldst guide and guard me ever ;
 Cleanse, by thy power, from every stain of sin ;
 I will thy blessing ask on each endeavor,
 And thus thy promised peace my soul shall win.

420

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul Returning to God.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
 From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;
 From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
 The world's allurements, toils, and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
 From all the wanderings of thy thought ;
 From sickness unto death made whole ;
 Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
 From passions every hour at strife ;
 Sin's works and ways and wages spurn,
 Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest ; — with heart inclined
 To keep his word, that word believe ;
 Christ is thy rest ; — with lowly mind,
 His light and easy yoke receive.

Retirement.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
Retired and silent, seek them there ;
True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome ;
True strength, to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.
- 5 Then with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

422

7 & 6s M.

METHODIST COL.

Quiet Religion.

- 1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 The comfort of thy voice ;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place,
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace.
- 2 From the world of sin, and noise,
 And hurry, I withdraw ;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe ;
 Silent am I now and still,
 Dare not in thy presence move ;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love.

423

L. M.

WATTS

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee .
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense :
 One sovereign word can draw me thence :
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
 Let noise and vanity be gone :
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Religious Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where sin is waging still
 Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God.
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And all harmonious names in one,
 My Father — thou art mine !

425

C. M.

MOORE.

Heaven Desired.

- 1 THE dove, let loose in eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idler warblers roam ; —
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft through faith's serener air
 To urge my course to thee ;
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

426

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Preparation for Heaven.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love ;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

427

C. M.

WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven our Support.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all —

- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

428

7s M.

METHODIST COL.

Inward Songs.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
 Ever faithful to thy word,
 We have felt thy mercy too,
 We, O Lord ! have found thee true !
 See, these barren souls of ours
 Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers, —
 Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
 Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
- 2 Hark ! the wastes have found a voice ;
 Lonely deserts now rejoice !
 Gladsome hallelujahs sing ;
 All around with praises ring !
 Blind we were, but now we see :
 Deaf ; we nearken now to thee :
 Dumb ; for thee our tongues employ :
 Lame ; and, lo ! we leap for joy.
- 3 Faint we were, and parched with drought ;
 Water, at thy word, gushed out :
 Streams of grace our thirst repress,
 Starting from the wilderness.

Still we long thy grace to know —
 Here, forever, let it flow ;
 Lead us in the way of peace,
 In the path of righteousness.

4 There the simple cannot stray ;
 Babes, though blind, may find the way
 Find, nor ever thence depart,
 Safe in lowliness of heart ;
 Far from fear, from danger far,
 No devouring beast is there ;
 There the humble walks secure,
 God hath made his footsteps sure.

5 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
 Wipe the tears from every face ;
 Gladness let us now obtain,
 Partners of thine endless reign.
 Death, the latest foe, destroy ;
 Sorrow then shall yield to joy ;
 Gloomy grief shall flee away,
 Swallowed up in endless day.

Humility and Contentment.

1 HE that is down need fear no fall
 He that is low, no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

- 2 Fulness to such a burden is,
 That go on pilgrimage;
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

430

7s M.

BEAUMONT.

Inward Peace

- 1 As earth's pageant passes by,
 Let reflection turn thine eye
 Inward, and observe thy breast;
 There alone dwells solid rest.
- 2 That's a close-immuréd tower,
 Which can mock all hostile power;
 To thyself a tenant be,
 And inhabit safe and free.
- 3 Say not that this house is small,
 Girt up in a narrow wall;
 In a cleanly, sober mind,
 Heaven itself full room doth find.
- 4 The infinite Creator can
 Dwell in it; and may not man?
 Here, content, make thy abode
 With thyself and with thy God.

Hope.

- 1 HOPE, though slow it be, and late,
Yet outruns swift time and fate ;
And aforehand loves to be
With most remote futurity.
- 2 Hope is comfort in distress ;
Hope is in misfortune bliss ;
Hope, in sorrow, is delight ;
Hope is day in darkest night.
- 3 Hope casts anchor upward, where
Storms durst never domineer ;
Trust, and Hope will welcome thee
From storms to full security.

Living Waters.

- 1 THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears ;
The further it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply ;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

- 3 The cisterns I forsake,
 O, Fount of Life, for thee!
 My thirst with living waters slake,
 And drink eternity.

433

C. M.

WHITTIER.

Inward Call.

- 1 O, not alone with outward sign
 Of fear, or voice from heaven,
 The message of a truth divine,
 The call of God is given;
 Awakening in the human heart
 Love for the true and right,
 Zeal for the Christian's better part,
 Strength for the Christian's fight.
- 2 Though heralded by nought of fear,
 Or outward sign, or show;
 Though only to the inward ear
 It whisper soft and low;
 Though dropping as the manna fell,
 Unseen, yet from above,
 Holy and gentle, heed it well —
 The call to truth and love.

434

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Inward Life.

- 1 ALAS the outer emptiness!
 What life has it to give?
 O, shall it God's own fire oppress?
 Soul, wilt thou slightly live?

- 2 Some joy of thine own seeking win ;
To thine own strength repair ;
Breathe, breathe the awful life within, —
Feel all the glory there !
- 3 Thyself amidst the silence clear,
The world far off and dim,
Thy vision free, the Bright One near,
Thyself alone with him.
- 4 The silence throng'd gloriously
With business how divine !
God's glory passing into thee, —
All heaven becoming thine.
- 5 The rapture, mighty, measureless,
In each eternal thing, —
The mingling with Almightyness,
The dwelling by Life's Spring !
- 6 Thus sweetly live, thus greatly watch,
Soul, be but inly bright !
All outer things must smile, must catch
The strong, transcendent light.
- 7 Near thee no darkness dares abide,
Thou makest all things shine ;
Soul, whom the Lord has glorified
Is not all glory thine ?

435

L. M.

EXETER COL.

Humble Prayer.

- 1 GREAT God ! my Father and my friend,
On whom I cast my constant care,
On whom for all things I depend !
To thee I raise my humble prayer.
- 2 Endue me with a holy fear ;
The frailty of my heart reveal ;
Sin and its snares are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 3 O that to thee my constant mind
May with a steady flame aspire ;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire !
- 4 O that my watchful soul may fly
The first-perceived approach of sin ;
Look up to thee when danger 's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within !

436

6s & 4s M.

ANN W. HALL.

Prayer in Sorrow.

- 1 FATHER, O hear me now !
Father divine !
Thou, only thou, canst see
The heart's deep agony, —
Help me to say to thee,
Thy will, not mine !

2 O God ! be thou my stay,
 In this dark hour ;
 Kindly each sorrow hear,
 Hush every troubled fear,
 And let me still revere
 And own thy power.

3 In thee alone I trust,
 The Holy One !
 Humbly to thee I pray,
 That, through each troubled day
 Of life, I still may say,
 Thy will be done !

The Earnest of the Spirit.

- 1 LORD ! if thy gracious voice divine
 One whisper sweet lets fall,
 We know that thou hast made us thine,
 That thou hast given us all.
- 2 O, if the Lord himself has given,
 All else we know must come, —
 The shining thrones, the blissful heaven,
 The everlasting home !
- 3 Lord ! may not I these tidings hear ?
 These messages receive ?
 Assure my soul that she is dear, —
 To me the spirit give.

- 4 Take all thy other gifts away,
 But do not thou remove ;
 All things remain, if with me stay
 This earnest of thy love.

438

L. M.

BULFINCH.

Voice of God in the Soul.

- 1 Has not thy heart within thee burned
 At evening's calm and holy hour,
 As if its inmost depths discerned
 The presence of a loftier power ?
- 2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
 While ancient rivers murmured by,
 A voice from forth the eternal shades,
 That spake a present Deity ?
- 3 And as upon the sacred page
 Thine eye in rapt attention turned
 O'er records of a holier age,
 Has not thy heart within thee burned ?
- 4 It was the voice of God that spake
 In silence to thy silent heart,
 And bade each worthier thought awake,
 And every dream of earth depart.
- 5 Voice of our God, O, yet be near !
 In low, sweet accents, whisper peace ;
 Direct us on our pathway here,
 Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease !

Spiritual Declension.

- 1 O ! WHEREFORE hath my spirit leave
To come so near my God,
And yet so soon must gaze and grieve
O'er the abandoned road ?
- 2 I feel my God almost possessed,
The heavenly land half won,
The blissful greeting of the Blest,
The eternal song, begun : —
- 3 O wings that drop ! O strains that die !
O light that fades away !
O fleeting people of the sky !
O Heaven, that will not stay !
- 4 How bravely now I walk and leap,
Mine own Almighty nigh !
Anon, poor-weakling, low I creep,
Afraid my wings to try.
- 5 What sweetness in thy presence, Lord !
What glory in thy smile !
Thine awful voice, how quickly heard !
Ah ! wherefore but a while ?
- 6 How faintly sounds each sweet command !
Thy Son's dear face, how dim !
Yet would I smile at thy right hand,
Yet would I reign with him !

7 Lord, help this earnest, helpless will !
 Lord, lay thy hand on me !
 Shall I not climb thy holy hill ?
 Shall I not dwell with thee ?

440

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Desire for Progress.

- 1 O ! WHEREFORE, Lord, doth thy dear praise
 But tremble on my tongue ?
 Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
 A full triumphant song ?
- 2 How should the heart divinely glow
 That flees thy righteousness !
 Thy broken law doth dull me so, —
 My sins thy praise oppress.
- 3 O make me, Lord, thy statutes learn,
 Keep in thy ways my feet !
 Then shall my lips divinely burn,
 Then shall my songs be sweet.
- 4 Each sin I cast away shall make
 My soul more strong to soar ;
 Each deed of holiness shall wake
 A strain divine the more.
- 5 My voice shall more delight thine ear,
 The more I wait on thee, —
 Thy service bring my song more near
 The angelic harmony.

- 6 O wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn ?
Thy will they work, thy law they love,
Those tuneful Seraphim !
- 7 When, Lord, shall perfect holiness
Make my poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine ?

Aspiration.

- 1 How eagerly my heart hath sought
And scorned each foolish gain !
Each thing I longed for hath been brought,
And brought to me in vain.
- 2 Alas ! this heart too well hath learned
The bitter in each sweet ;
The imperfect excellence hath mourned,
The glory incomplete.
- 3 Yet, Lord, to glory measureless
Thou didst my soul arise,
And settest thine own perfectness
Before my longing eyes.
- 4 Yet, Lord, I hear thy voice command
These halting feet of mine
To traverse all the holy land,
And climb each height divine.

- 5 I, who have travelled far and found
 Small cheer upon the road,
 May trace an endless holy ground,—
 Yes, sweetly walk with God.

442

C. M.

H. NEW.

“All Things are Yours.”

- 1 Lie open, Soul ! the beautiful,
 That all things doth embrace,
 Shall every passion sweetly lull,
 And clothe thee in her grace.
- 2 Lie open, Soul ! the great and wise
 About thy portal throng,
 The wealth of souls before thee lies,
 Their gifts to thee belong.
- 3 Lie open, Soul ! lo, Jesus waits
 To enter thine abode,
 Messiah lingers at thy gates, —
 Let in the Son of God !
- 4 Lie open, Soul ! in watchfulness
 Each brighter glory win ;
 The infinite thy peace shall bless,
 And God shall enter in !
- 5 O awful joy ! O life divine !
 O bliss too great, too full !
 Earth, man, heaven, angels, all are thine,
 And thou art God's, my soul !

The Gladdener.

- 1 Do we only give thee heed,
Lord, when other help hath gone?
Doth the soreness of our need
Send us to the heavenly throne?
Wherefore should our souls repair
Only to the Comforter?
- 2 Must not thy glad creatures yearn
Of their best their Lord to bring?
Must not happy spirits burn
To their Gladdener to spring?
Hath our joy for thee no place?
Art thou not our God of grace?
- 3 Should not each bright golden hour
Lay its lustre at thy feet?
May not, Lord, our blissful bower
Rise beneath thy mercy-seat?
Who like happy souls may call
For the wings celestial?
- 4 Maketh not thy presence cheer?
May thy lovers, Lord, be sad?
Who are like the angels near?
Who are like the angels glad?
Fullest sure of bliss we are
When we feel the Gladdener.

5 When our life is all delight
On the happy heavenly hill,
'T is because thy presence bright
All the heavenly life doth fill
Heaven our land of joy we call,
For the Lord is all in all.

6 There our very bower of bliss
Is thine awful holy place;
There our only Paradise
Is the shining of thy face.
Endless joy is love divine;
To be glad is to be thine.

Outward Religion.

444

L. M.

WATTS.

Religion Expressed in Life.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour, God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

445

C. M.

WATTS.

Christian Warfare.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross —
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through stormy seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must not I stem the flood?
Is this low world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign.
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

The Christian's Life.

- 1 A SOLDIER's course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife ;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun ; —
Behold the Christian's life !
- 2 The hosts of darkness pant for spoil —
How can our warfare close ?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil —
How can we hope repose ?
- 3 O ! let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore ;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more ;
- 4 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign ;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane ;
- 5 The land where, suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day ;
- 6 Where they who meet shall never part ;
Where grace achieves its plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

447

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ; —
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

448

L. M.

WATTS

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, — away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought be gone !
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a numerous host;
 Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant Danger threatening stands,
 Mustering his pale, terrific bands;
 There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.

- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round:
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell:
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;—
Why should his faithful followers fear?

450

7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

Good Works.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with liberal store :
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee, and all mankind.

Faith without Works is Dead.

1 As body when the soul has fled,
 As barren trees, decayed and dead,
 Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
 If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
 One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
 Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
 Than lifted eye or bended knee.

Prudence and Wisdom.

- 1 FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart;
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

The Universal Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord! —
- 2 Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, — that thou art good,
And that myself am blind ; —
- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.
- 4 Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
- 5 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 6 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

- 7 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
- 8 This day be bread and peace my lot :
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
 And let thy will be done.
- 9 To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all being raise !
 All nature's incense rise !

454

L. M.

SCOTT.

Forms Vain without Virtue.

- 1 THE uplifted eye, and bended knee,
 Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee :
 In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
 The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
 The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
 Or fasts and penance reconcile
 Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
 Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
 To thee a nobler offering yields
 Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

455

S. M.

HERBERT.

Being all to the Glory of God.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee !
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do be thou the way, —
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake ;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
Even servile labors shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

456

C. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

Thy Kingdom Come.

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
 To every heart of man :
 Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 In all our bosoms reign.

3 The righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin ;
 The joy that human thought transcends,
 To every soul bring in.

4 The kingdom of established peace,
 Which can no more remove !
 The perfect powers of godliness,
 The omnipotence of love.

457

L. M.

HEBER.

“ ~~Why~~ Stand ye Idle ? ”

1 THE God of glory walks his round,
 From day to day, from year to year,
 And warns us each, with awful sound,
 “ No longer stand ye idle here ! ”

2 “ Ye, whose young cheeks are rosy-bright,
 Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
 Waste not of hope the morning light !
 Ah, fools, why stand ye idle here ? ”

3 “ O, if the griefs ye would assuage,
 That wait on life’s declining year,
 Secure a blessing for your age,
 And work your Maker’s business here ! ”

- 4 " And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
 Foretell your latest travail near,
 How swiftly fades your worthless day!
 And stand ye yet so idle here?"
- 5 O Thou, by all thy works adored,
 To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
 Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
 And grant us grace to please thee here!

Wisdom and Virtue Sought from God.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light!
 Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
 Parent of good! whose blessings flow
 On all above and all below; —
- 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
 What nature and thy laws decree;
 Worthy that intellectual flame
 Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 May our expanded souls disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim,
 But with a Christian zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 4 O Father, grace and virtue grant;
 No more we wish, no more we want;
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

459

L. M.

HENRY MOORE.

For Steadiness of Principle.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat, —
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside,
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

460

L. M.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

The Departed Friend.

- 1 HE is not dead ! O, can he die
Who quits the earth and seeks the sky ?
Who, prisoner here, his prison breaks,
And sickness, death, and chain, forsakes ?

- 2 He is not dead ! O, is he dead,
 Who, hungering here, has found new bread ?
 Who, thirsting in the weary strife,
 Drinks at the goal Eternal Life ?
- 3 He is not dead who wears a crown ;
 He is not dead who casts it down
 At Jesus' feet, and with the throng
 Swells the high harp and victor song !
- 4 Not dead ! though here his voice of love
 No longer wins to worlds above ;
 Not dead ! though here corruption calls
 His beauty to its marble halls.
- 5 He lives ! he lives ! and only he,
 Who is with Christ, and still shall be.
 He lives who from sin's thrall has fled ;
 We feel its power, — we are the dead.

Moderation.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
 Still keep the golden mean ;
 Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
 Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 To sect or party his large soul
 Disdains to be confined ;
 The good he loves of every name,
 And prays for all mankind.

- 3 His business is to keep his heart ;
 Each passion to control ;
 Nobly ambitious well to rule
 The empire of his soul.
- 4 Not on the world his heart is set, —
 His treasure is above ;
 Nothing beneath the sovereign good
 Can claim his highest love.

462

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watching, Prayer, and Perseverance.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil :
 O, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And, O ! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 The strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forsaken die.

True Length of Life.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.
- 2 "He lived — he died ;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page !
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father ! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds .
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

For Holiness.

- 1 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do ;
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew :

My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by love divine,
 Forever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
 Father, to me impart ;
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 O, write it in my heart !
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove ;
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee.
 Soul of my soul remain !
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 My heavenly Father's will.

465

C. M.

H. MARTINEAU.

All Men are Equal.

1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.

- 2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
 In courts their hands have made ;
 And hears the worshipper who bows
 Beneath the plantain-shade.
- 3 'T is man alone who difference sees,
 And speaks of high and low,
 And worships those, and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.
- 4 O, let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love ;
 In power and wealth exult no more,
 In wisdom lowly move.
- 5 Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;
 Ye low ! your shame and fear :
 Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
 Your brotherhood revere.

Honor all Men.

- 1 I MAY not scorn the meanest thing
 That on the earth doth crawl ;
 The slave who dares not burst his chain,
 The tyrant in his hall.
- 2 The vile oppressor who hath made
 The widowed mother mourn,
 Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
 I cannot, dare not scorn.

- 3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky
 Of beauty hath a share ;
 The blackest heart hath signs to tell
 That God still lingers there.

467

S. M.

JOHNS

Human Brotherhood.

- 1 HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
 The frantic warrior's call !
 Why should the earth be drenched with gore ?
 Are we not brothers all ?
- 2 Want, from the wretch depart !
 Chains, from the captive fall !
 Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart, —
 Sufferers are brothers all.
- 3 Churches and sects, strike down
 Each mean partition-wall !
 Let love each harsher feeling drown, —
 Christians are brothers all.
- 4 Let love and truth alone
 Hold human hearts in thrall,
 That heaven its work at length may own,
 And men be brothers all.

468

P. M.

WHITTIER

Patience.

- 1 SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
And his appointed way ?
- 2 O, oft a deeper test of faith
Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,
The self-renouncing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.
- 3 We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong ;
And in the ear of pride and power
Our warning voice is strong.
- 4 Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than watch one hour in humbling prayer ;
Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare :
- 5 But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save ;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.
- 6 O thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones-again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain, —

- 7 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
 And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
 Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
 Our souls should keep with thee!

469

S. M.

JOHNS.

Purity.

- 1 O! KNOW ye not that ye
 The temple are of God?
 Revere the earth-built shrine, where he
 Should find a meet abode!
- 2 Immortal man, keep pure
 Thyself, that mystic shrine;
 Let hate of all that's dark endure,
 And love of all divine.
- 3 Let saintly thoughts be shown
 In act by saintly things;
 Like glories through the temple thrown,
 From cherub's curtained wings.
- 4 Let life, a holy stream,
 Its fountain holy show;
 Reflecting, with a softened gleam,
 Heaven's purity below.

The Spirit Giveth Life.

- 1 'T is not the gift, but 't is the spirit
With which 't is given,
That on the gift confers a merit,
As seen by Heaven.
- 2 'T is not the prayer, however boldly
It strikes the ear ;
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,
If not sincere.
- 3 'T is not the deeds the loudest lauded
That brightest shine ;
There's many a virtue unapplauded,
And yet divine.
- 4 'T is not the word that sounds the sweetest
That 's soonest heard ;
A sigh, when humbled thou retreatest,
May be preferred.
- 5 The outward show may be delusive, —
A cheating name ;
The inner spirit is conclusive
Of worth or shame.

471

L. M.

GASKELL.

Press on.

- 1 Press on, press on ! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.
- 2 Press on, press on ! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.
- 3 Press on, press on ! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death ;
Then shall ye hear God's word, " Well done ! "
True to the last, press on, press on !

472

P. M.

STAUGHTON.

Onward and Upward.

- 1 BREAST the wave, Christian ! when it is strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian ! when the night 's longest.
Onward and upward still be thine endeavor ;
The rest that remaineth will be forever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian ! Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian ! heaven is before thee ;
He who hath promised faltereth never ;
The love of eternity flows on forever.

- 3 Lift the eye, Christian ! just as it closeth ;
 Raise the heart, Christian ! ere it reposeth ;
 Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever ;
 Mount when the work is done, — praise God forever !

473

10s M.

STERLING.

Rest.

- 1 O THOU, the primal fount of life and peace,
 Who shedd'st thy breathing quiet all around,
 In me command that pain and conflict cease,
 And tune to music every jarring sound.
- 2 Make thou in me, O God, through shame and pain,
 A heart attuned to thy celestial calm ;
 Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vain,
 But heal the wounded breast with soothing balm
- 3 So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
 In full accord with all thy works of joy,
 May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
 And thou thy child to do thy work employ.
- 4 In one who walked on earth, a man of woe,
 Was holier peace than even this hour inspires ;
 From him to me let inward quiet flow,
 And give the might my failing will requires.
- 5 So this great universe, — so he, and thou,
 The central source and wondrous bound of things
 May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
 To land, and sea, and air, thy presence brings.

474

7s M.

CONDER.

Deliver us from Evil.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father ! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert when I stray
Let thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Leave me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail ;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Lord ! uphold me day by day ;
Shed a light upon my way ;
Guide me through perplexing snares ;
Care for me in all my cares.
- 4 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father ! glorify thy name.
- 5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near ;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending home to thee, my God.

Resolution.

- 1 **Al**, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 4 O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways !
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise

Self-Dedication.

- 1 **My** God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine, —
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

- 2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall :
Let every sin be crucified, —
Let Christ be all in all!
- 3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given, —
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven !

477

S. M.

JOHNS.

Thy Kingdom Come.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love !
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth thine ;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Desire to Obey.

- 1 WOULD I not, Lord, forevermore
Thy gladsome servant be ?
Is it not sweet to travel o'er
All the rough way with thee ?
- 2 O, meaneth not this soul of mine
Its all on thee to spend ?
To keep the covenant divine
Unbroken to the end ?
- 3 Methinks my feet can never tire,
My love can never fail ;
O, what can stay such strong desire ?
Thy pilgrim must prevail.
- 4 My glowing vows thou soon dost win,
But will the passion stay ?
How sweet the journey to begin !
How hard to keep the way !
- 5 Alas ! my feet already tire,
Mine eyes already rove ;
They miss the heaven of my desire,
They lose the path I love !
- 6 Walk with me, Lord, through all the road ;
Thy fiery pillar lend !
Close to thy shining steps, my God,
I needs must reach the end.

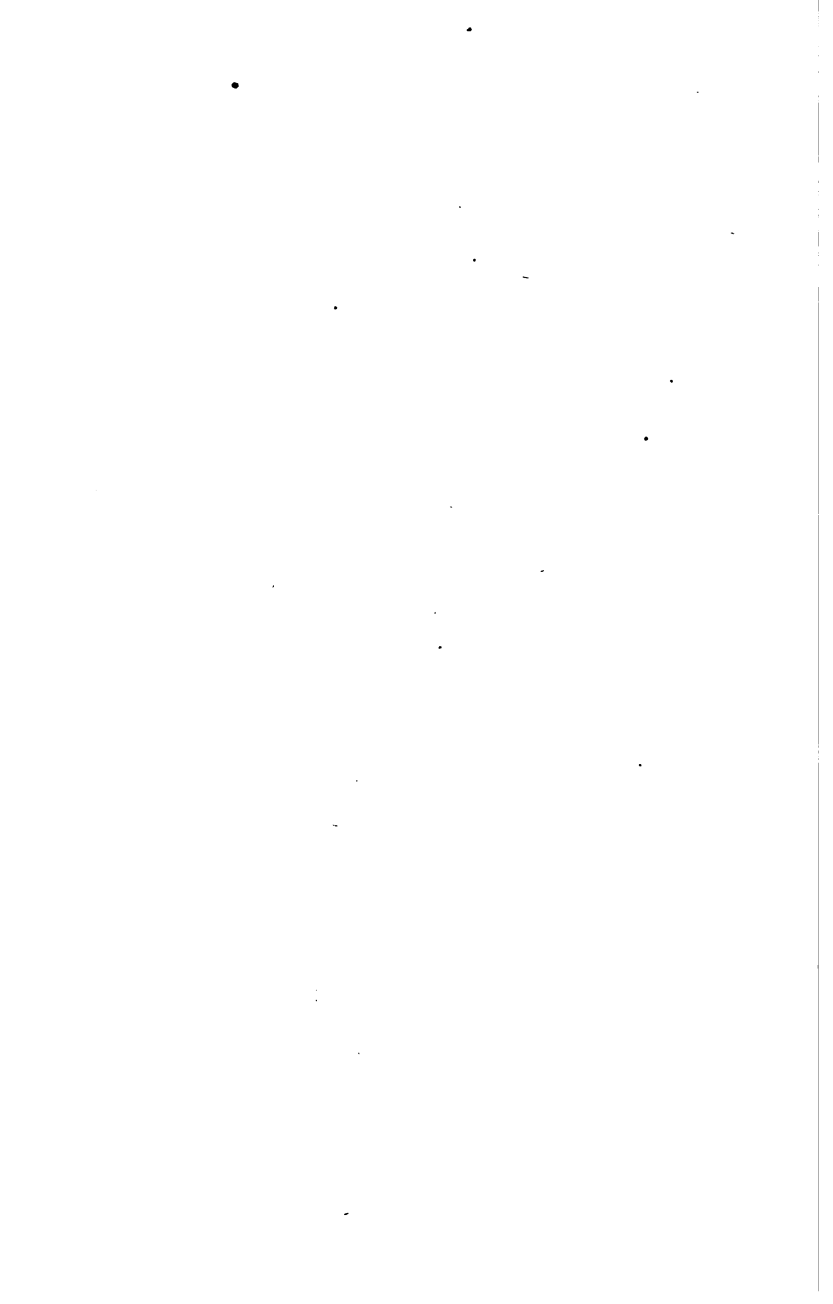
479

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Serving God.

- 1 O, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred ;
O, give me a diviner name !
Call me thy servant, Lord !
- 2 Sweet title that delighteth me —
Rank earnestly implored ;
O, what can reach my dignity ?
I am thy servant, Lord !
- 3 No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free ;
O, not mine own ! O, not mine own !
Lord, I belong to thee !
- 4 In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.
- 5 Forever, Lord, thy servant choose, —
Nought of thy claim abate !
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.
- 6 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me !
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.



PART III.

Miscellaneous Subjects.

480

C. M. · SARAH F. ADAMS.

Past and Future.

- 1 O HALLOWED memories of the past,
Ye legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air.
- 2 For hearts the beautiful that feel,
Whose pulse of love beats strong,
The opening heavens new light reveal,
Glory to God, their song.
- 3 And while from out our dying dust
Light more than life doth stream,
We bless the faith that bids us trust
The heaven that we dream.
- 4 Then, hallowed memories of the past,
Or legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air.

Truth neber Dies.

- 1 ONCE in the busy streets
Did Wisdom cry aloud ;
And then she perished, mid the scoffs
Of the misguided crowd.
- 2 Once in the quiet grove
Did Wisdom's accents charm ;
And then she perished by the blows
Of Conquest's iron arm.
- 3 But ever, in the skies,
In earth, and sea, and air,
Does Wisdom teach the human heart,
And none can crush her there.
- 4 Systems and teachers change,
They flourish and decay ;
But ne'er from nature's truth and love
Shall Wisdom pass away.

The Nameless Martyrs.

- 1 THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
And green, along the ocean side,
The mounds arise where heroes died ;
But show me on thy flowery breast,
Earth, where thy nameless martyrs rest !

- 2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days ;
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take ;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.
- 3 Where sleep they ? Woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves ;
Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim love and awe repair —
They sleep in secret ; but their sod,
Unknown to man, is marked of God !

483

7s M.

W. J. Fox.

Purposes of Life.

- 1 Not for false and fleeting joys,
Pleasure that while tasted cloyes,
Not for self-inflicted woe,
Did God place us here below :
- 2 But for wisdom, happiness,
Blessed life, and life to bless —
Love, the soul of deity,
And progress through eternity :
- 3 For cultured earth and conquered wave,
Fancy bright, and science grave,
Mind and heart, with blending powers,
Building more than Eden's bowers ;

4 And for mutual love and aid,
 Never weary nor dismayed,
 Strength renewing, as we rise
 Upward to unchanging skies.

184

P. M. CAMERONIAN HYMN.

Prayer of the Persecuted.

- 1 O THOU who dwell'st in the heavens high,
 Above the stars, and within yon sky ;
 Where the dazzling fields never needed light
 Of the sun by day or the moon by night :
- 2 Though shining millions áround thee stand,
 For the sake of him who 's at thy right hand,
 O, think of those that have cost him so dear !
 Still chained in doubt and in darkness here.
- 3 Our night is dreary, and dim our day ;
 And, if thou turnest thy face away,
 We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
 And have none to look to and none to trust.
- 4 The powers of darkness are all abroad, —
 They own no Saviour, and fear no God ;
 And we are trembling in mute dismay, —
 O, turn not thou thy face away !
- 5 Thine aid, O mighty God, we crave,
 Not shortened is thine arm to save ;
 Afar from thee we now sojourn, —
 Return to us, O God, return !

485

L. M.

WHITTIER.

Christianity.

- 1 O FAIREST-BORN of love and light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, —
- 2 The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of all divine,
The pitying heart, the helping arm,
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine !
- 3 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth !
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth !
- 4 Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.
- 5 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.
- 6 That voice's echo hath not died ;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

The Hope of Man.

- 1 THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.
- 2 For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps to come to thee,
And in each purpose high and strong
The influence of thy grace could see.
- 3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.
- 4 But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now ; —
Shall not the weary find a rest ?
Father, Preserver, answer thou !
- 5 'T is dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun ;
We cannot doubt thy certain love,
And man's true aim shall yet be won !

487

10s M.

ANONYMOUS

The Broken Shield.

- 1 O, SEND me not away ! for I would drink,
 Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life ;
 Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
 Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.
- 2 Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
 Strong in the majesty of human might ?
 Lo ! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
 My dream of glory lost in shades of night.
- 3 Was I not girded for the battle-field ?
 Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword ?
 Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
 And lend to me thy heavenly armor, Lord !

488

C. M.

WHITTIER

Nature's Worship.

- 1 THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
 As 't were a living thing ;
 The homage of its waves is given,
 In ceaseless worshipping.
- 2 They kneel upon the sloping sand
 As bends the human knee ;
 A beautiful and tireless band,
 The priesthood of the sea.

- 3 The mists are lifted from the rills,
 Like the white wing of prayer ;
 They kneel above the ancient hills,
 As doing homage there.
- 4 The forest-tops are lowly cast
 O'er breezy hill and glen,
 As if a prayerful spirit passed
 On nature as on men.
- 5 The sky is as a temple's arch :
 The blue and wavy air
 Is glorious with the spirit march
 Of messengers at prayer.

All must Pray.

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away ;
 Mother, with thine earnest eye,
 Ever following silently ;
- 2 Father, by the breeze of eve
 Called thy daily toil to leave ;
 Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart and bend the knee !
- 3 Traveller in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band ;
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone ;

4 Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see ;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

490

C. M.

BARTON.

Word and Spirit.

1 Word of the ever-living God !
Will of his glorious Son !
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?

2 Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal !

3 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts !

The Word of God.

- 1 LAMP of our feet ! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray ;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way !
- 2 Bread of our souls ! whereon we feed ;
True manna from on high !
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark !
Or radiant cloud by day !
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay !
- 4 Childhood's preceptor ! manhood's trust !
Old age's firm ally !
Our hope, when we go down to dust, ,
Of immortality !

The Power of Trust.

- 1 MY God ! in life's most doubtful hour,
In sharpest pains of death,
Who waits on thee hath peace and power ;
Thou present help of faith !

- 2 Thy crown of joy upon his head,
 Thy light upon his face,
 Through storms and strife thy Christ could tread.
 On to the happy place.
- 3 And though the cross were sharp and high,
 The lifted Lord could see
 The souls he loved drawn nearer by
 His love's last energy.
- 4 Help me, O God! to seek — to win,
 Through struggles and through prayer,
 The faith which frees my soul from sin,
 And brings thy blessing there.
- 5 So shall my cross of conquered shame
 My fainting brothers raise,
 So thy triumphant mercy flame
 Around my path of praise.
- 6 And earth, with all its pain and toil,
 By love's pure presence blest,
 Shall wear the calm, celestial smile
 Of heaven's eternal rest.

493

11s M.

W. Young.

My God and my All.

- 1 WHILE thou, O my God, art my help and defender,
 No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall;
 The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
 More lively my hope in my God and my all.

- 2 Yes, thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger ;
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall ;
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger ;
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.
- 3 To thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall ;
And love thee, till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.
- 4 And when thou demandest the life thou hast given,
With joy will I answer thy merciful call ;
And quit thee on earth, but to find thee in heaven,
My portion forever, my God and my all.

To my Guardian Angel.

[For Children.]

- 1 DEAR angel ! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me !
- 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near ;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.
- 3 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

- 4 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, perhaps
The sweetness is from thee.
- 5 And when, dear Spirit, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
- 6 And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards wilt let me kiss
Thy beautiful bright face.

495

S. M.

LYRA CATH.

The Good Shepherd.

- 1 COME, wandering sheep, O come !
I'll bind thee to my breast ;
I'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.
- 2 I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn
For thee I deigned to die ; —
- 3 I shield thee from alarms,
And wilt thou not be blest ?
I bear thee in my arms ;
Thou, bear me in thy breast !

496

L. M.

G. BARMBY

Repent.

- 1 BEHOLD that prophet heaven-sent,
Like one possessed of wondrous wand,
And hear his cry — Repent, repent,
For heaven's kingdom is at hand !
- 2 The present time will soon be spent —
The future owns not man's command ;
Never or now ! repent, repent,
For heaven's kingdom is at hand !
- 3 All time is God's ; our life is lent,
Our debts on heaven's great record stand,
And Christ calls forth, Repent, repent,
For heaven's kingdom is at hand !
- 4 The moments fly — the day is spent —
Death waves us to his shadowy land ;
The night is near, — repent, repent,
For heaven's kingdom is at hand !

497

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Seeking God.

- 1 O, SAINTS of old ! not yours alone
These words most high shall be ;
We take the glory for our own —
Lord, we are seeking thee !

- 2 Not only when ascends the song
And soundeth sweet the word —
Not only midst the Sabbath throng —
Our souls would seek the Lord.
- 3 We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak ;
To other business we belong,
But still our Lord we seek.
- 4 Would we against some wrong be bold,
And stay the tyrant's sword ?
Amid the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord.
- 5 Yes, we who every yoke would break,
Who every soul would free,
The world our calling doth mistake —
Lord, we are seeking thee !
- 6 We lose, we lack, that men may gain,
We suffer and we smile ;
But why this joy amidst the pain ?
We seek our Lord the while !
- 7 O everywhere, O every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured ;
We work, we wait, we smile, we pray, —
Behold thy seekers, Lord !

Happy Religion.

- 1 Thy happy ones a strain begin ;
Dost thou not, Lord, glad souls possess ?
Thy cheerful Spirit dwells within ;
We feel thee in our joyfulness.
- 2 Our mirth is not afraid of thee ;
Our life rejoices to be bright ;
We would not from our gladness flee,
But give full welcome to delight.
- 3 Thou wilt not, Lord, our smiles deny ;
Dost thou not deem them of rich worth ?
Our cheer flows on beneath thine eye ;
We feel accepted in our mirth.
- 4 We turn to thee a smiling face ;
Thou sendest us the smile again,
Our joy the richness of thy grace —
Thine own, the cheer of this glad strain.

Selections for Reading.

499

P. M.

FROM FENELON.

~~I~~ Would be Thine.

1 LIVING or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

O, what is life ?

A toil, a strife,

Were it not lighted by thy love divine.

I ask not wealth,

I crave not health —

Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

2 O, what is death,

When the poor breath

In parting can the soul to thee resign ?

While patient love

Her trust doth prove —

Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

3 Throughout my days,

Be constant praise

Uplift to thee from out this heart of mine :

So shall I be

Brought nearer thee —

Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine !

The Noble Dead.

1 CALL them from the dead

For our eyes to see ;

Prophet-bards, whose awful word

Shook the earth, "Thus saith the Lord,"

And made the idols flee —

A glorious company !

2 Call them from the dead

For our eyes to see :

Sons of wisdom, song, and power,

Giving earth her richest dower,

And making nations free —

A glorious company !

3 Call them from the dead

For our eyes to see :

Forms of beauty, love, and grace,

"Sunshine in the shady place,"

That made it life to be —

A blessed company !

4 Call them from the dead —

Vain the call will be ;

But the hand of death shall lay,

Like that of Christ, its healing clay

On eyes which then shall see

That glorious company !

501

P. M.

JONES VERY

Desires for God's Presence.

1 WILT thou not visit me ?

The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;

Each blade of grass I see

From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew

2 Wilt thou not visit me ?

Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;

And every hill and tree

Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

3 Come ! for I need thy love,

More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain ;

Come, like thy holy dove,

And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes ; thou wilt visit me ;

Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,

As when, from sin set free,

Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

502

10 & 4s M.

ANONYMOUS

Vespers.

1 FATHER Supreme ! Thou high and holy one,

To thee we bow ;

Now, when the labor of the day is done,

Devoutly, now.

- 2 From age to age unchanging, still the same
All-good thou art ;
Hallowed forever be thy reverend name
In every heart !
- 3 When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there ;
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel thy care.
- 4 Night spreads her shade upon another day
Forever past ;
So o'er our faults thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.
- 5 Silence and sleep o'er hearts by earth distressed
Now sweetly steal ;
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal.
- 6 Thou through the dark wilt watch above our sleep
With eye of love ;
And thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.
- 7 O, may each heart its gratitude express
As life expands ;
And find the triumph of its happiness
In thy commands !

503

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

Hymn for Christmas.

- 1 O LOVELY Voices of the sky,
Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth" ?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in time gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky !
- 2 O clear and shining Light, whose beams,
That hour, heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head !
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy, and faith,
O clear and shining Light !
- 3 O Star which led to him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free !
Where art thou ? — 'midst the host above
May we still gaze on thee ?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth may not dim ;
Send them to guide us yet,
O Star which led to him !

“ If he giveth Quiet, who can make Trouble ? ”

- 1 QUIET from God ! how beautiful to keep
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given ;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven !
- 2 To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel ;
To bear about forever in the heart
The gladness which his Spirit doth reveal !
- 3 Who shall make trouble then ? Not evil minds,
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower ;
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.
- 4 What shall make trouble ? Not the holy thought
Of the departed ; that will be a part
Of those undying things his peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.
- 5 What shall make trouble ? Not slow-wasting pain,
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of death ;
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

505

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Vespers.

- 1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining ;
Father in heaven ! the day is declining ;
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night ;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
chime,
Shield us from danger, and keep us from crime !
- 2 Father in heaven ! O, hear, when we call,
Through Jesus Christ, who is Saviour of all !
Fainting and feeble, we trust in thy might ;
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light !
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper
burns,
And wake in thy arms when the morning returns.

506

11 & 5s M.

BOWRING.

Humble Devotion.

- 1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends ; O Father ! hear it.
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness ;
Forgive its weakness !
- 2 We see thy hand : it leads us, it supports us :
We hear thy voice ; it counsels and it courts us ;
And then we turn away ; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

- 3 O, how long-suffering, Lord ! but thou delightest
 To win with love the wandering ; thou invitest,
 By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
 Man from his errors.
- 4 Father and Saviour ! plant within each bosom
 The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
 In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
 And spring eternal.
- 5 Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
 Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
 Where every flower escaped through death's dark
 portal
 Becomes immortal.

The Human Heart.

- 1 O HUMAN heart ! thou hast a song
 For all that to the earth belong,
 Whene'er the golden chain of love
 Hath linked thee to the heaven above.
- 2 O human heart ! what deed of thine
 Could gain a kingdom so divine ?
 'T was asked but this, in accents mild,
 The gentle spirit of a child.
- 3 O human heart ! that singest still,
 Through chastening good, misreckoned ill,
 Thou mind'st Bethesda's fount to feel,
 The angel troubles but to heal.

4 O human heart ! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong,
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

508

11 & 10s M. MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Matins.

- 1 STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh.
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee !
- 2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest,
So in this stillness thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.
- 5 So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee !

The Calm of the Soul.

- 1 WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth, evermore.
- 2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.
- 3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest !
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies, in hushed stillness, at its peaceful door.
- 4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.
- 5 O rest of rests ! O peace serene, eternal !
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never ;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, forever and forever.

510

10 & 9s M.

BURLEIGH.

In U; Domine.

- 1 Not in vain I poured my supplication,
Voiced in anguish that was nigh despair ;
God — henceforth the rock of my salvation —
Hears in pity and receives my prayer.
- 2 On his name from midst the darkness calling,
He my soul hath ransomed from its fears ;
By his strength my feet are saved from falling,
And his love hath dried my flowing tears.
- 3 Therefore come I to his altars, bringing
Hymns and vows my gratitude would pay ;
Hallelujahs and the voice of singing
Best interpret all this heart would say.
- 4 Henceforth, with a spirit meek and lowly,
With a faith that nothing can appall,
Hopes serene and purpose high and holy,
I will meet whatever may befall.
- 5 If around me clouds and darkness gather,
Let the brighter day that dawns beyond !
Through the gloom the everlasting Father
Sends a voice that bids me not despond.
- 6 By his mercy, which hath never failed me,
Over hate and falsehood's brood abhorred,
Over all the foes that have assailed me,
I shall triumph greatly through the Lord !

Work

- 1 **WORK.** — and thou wilt bless the day
Ere the toil be done ;
They that work not cannot play,
Cannot feel the sun.
God is living, working still ;
All things work and move ;
Work, wouldst thou their beauty feel,
And thy Maker's love.
- 2 All the rolling planets glow
Bright as burning gold !
Should they pause, how soon they'd grow
Colorless and cold !
Joy and beauty, — where were they
If the world stood still ?
Like the world, thy law obey,
And thy calling fill.
- 3 Wouldst thou know the joy of health ?
Wouldst thou feel thy powers ?
Industry alone is wealth,
What we do is ours.
Load the passive hours with thought,
While they stay with thee ;
Then despatch them, richly fraught,
To eternity.

512

8, 7, & 4s M.

T. H. GILL

Progress.

- 1 **EVERLASTING !** changing never !
Of one strength, no more, no less :
Thine almightiness forever, —
All the same thy holiness :
Thee eternal,
Thee all-glorious, we possess !
- 2 But we weak ones, but we sinners,
Would not in our poorness stay ;
We, the low ones, would be winners
Of what holy height we may,
Ever nearer
To thy pure and perfect day.
- 3 Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring ?
Waits for us the promise golden, —
Waits each new diviner thing ?
Onward ! onward !
Why this faithless tarrying ?
- 4 By the old aspirants glorious,
By the hearts that hopéd all,
By the strivers, half victorious,
By each soul heroical,
By thy dearest,
By thy Milton and thy Paul, —

5 By their holy, high achieving,
By their visions more divine,
By each gift of our receiving
From these mighty ones of thine,
By the radiance
That on us from them doth shine, —

6 By each saving word unspoken,
By thy truth, as yet half-won,
By each idol still unbroken,
By thy will, yet poorly done, —
Hear us ! hear us !
Our Almighty, help us on !

7 Nearer to thee would we venture,
Of thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break ;
To the ages
Fair bequests and costly make.

8 Ours must be a nobler story
Than was ever writ before :
After-comers ! dim our glory ;
Be your smiles and winnings more
Everlasting !
Fuller grace incessant pour !

513

11 & 10s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Ministering Spirits.

- 1 WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit earth, as in the days of old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story ?
Is heaven more distant ? or has earth grown cold ?
- 2 To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim ?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn ?
- 3 And are they all within the veil departed ?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now ;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.
- 4 No ; earth has angels, though their forms are
moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below ;
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.
- 5 I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow ;
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread ;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow
They stood " between the living and the dead."
- 6 And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

7 There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
 In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth ;
 And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen,
 The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

8 O, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
 That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
 Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
 And wear its glory like a starry crown.

514

10 & 9s M.

MISS WINSLOW.

Why thus Longing?

- 1 WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
 For the far-off, the unattained and dim ;
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?
- 2 Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
 All thy restless yearnings it would still ;
 Leaf, and flower, and laden bee, are preaching,
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.
- 3 Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw ;
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
 To some little world through weal and woe ; —
- 4 If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
 No fond voices answer to thine own ;
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

- 5 Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.
- 6 Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.
- 7 Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?
- 8 Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But, with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier, — all the world is thine!
- 9 Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself, thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy worth are gone.
- 10 Nature wears the colors of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace, she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

Action.

- 1 MEN of thought ! be up, and stirring,
Night and day ;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way !
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may !
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow ;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray ;
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way !
- 2 Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day ?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray ?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper, — aid it, type, —
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 Clear the way !

3 Lo ! a cloud 's about to vanish
 From the day ;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay ;
 Lo ! the right 's about to conquer :
 Clear the way !
 With the right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door ;
 With the giant wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 Clear the way !

516

10s M.

BRYANT

The Future Life.

- 1 How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,
 And perishes among the dust we tread ?
- 2 For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

- 3 Will not thy own meek heart demand me there, —
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer, —
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?
- 4 In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?
- 5 The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?
- 6 A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Awaits thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.
- 7 For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath hath left its scar — that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.
- 8 Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name, —
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

- 9 Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this,—
The wisdom which is love, — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

517

C. M.

FABER.

Distractions in Prayer.

- 1 Ah ! dearest Lord ! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free ;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from thee.
- 2 The world that looks so dull all day
Glows bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.
- 3 All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.
- 4 Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gayly blend
In one bewitching strife.
- 5 My very flesh has restless fits ;
My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
My inner self to tire

- 6 I cannot pray ; yet, Lord, thou knowest
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly-struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from thee.
- 7 Ah, Jesus ! teach me how to prize
These tedious hours, when I,
Foolish and mute, before thy face
In helpless worship lie.
- 8 Yet thou art oft most present, Lord !
In weak, distracted prayer ;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds thee there.
- 9 And prayer, that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free ;
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord ! it hangs on thee.
- 10 The soul, that on self-sacrifice
Is covetously bent,
Will bless thy chastening hand that makes
Its prayer its punishment.
- 11 Ah, Jesus ! why should I complain ?
And why fear aught but sin ?
Distractions are but outward things ;
Thy peace dwells far within !

- 12 These surface-troubles come and go,
 Like rufflings of the sea ;
 The deeper depth is out of reach
 To all, my God, but thee!

518

C. M.

FABER.

Dryness in Prayer.

- 1 THIS freezing heart, O Lord! this will
 Dry as the desert sand,
 Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
 That come without command, —
- 2 A faith that seems not faith, a hope
 That cares not for its aim,
 A love that none the hotter grows
 At Jesus' blessed name,—
- 3 The weariness of prayer, the mist
 O'er conscience overspread,
 The chill repugnance to frequent
 The feast of angel's bread, —
- 4 If this drear change be thine, O Lord!
 If it be thy sweet will,
 Spare not, but to the very brim
 The bitter chalice fill.
- 5 But if it hath been sin of mine,
 O show that sin to me,
 Not to get back the sweetness lost,
 But to make peace with thee.

- 6 One thing alone, dear Lord ! I dread ; —
 To have a secret spot
 That separates my soul from thee
 And yet to know it not.
- 7 O, when the tide of graces set
 So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord, how faithlessly
 I did my little part.
- 8 But if this weariness hath come
 A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
 That in its depths may lie.
- 9 So in this darkness I can learn
 To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
 And thus to love thee more, —
- 10 To love thee, and yet not to think
 That I can love so much, —
To have thee with me, Lord, all day,
 Yet not to feel thy touch.
- 11 If I have served thee, Lord, for hire,
 Hire which thy beauty showed,
Ah ! I can serve thee now for nought,
 And only as my God.
- 12 O, blessed be this darkness, then,
 This deep in which I lie !
And blessed be all things that teach
 God's dread supremacy !

519

P. M.

W. YOUNG.

A Happy Death.

- 1 **WHILST** I dwell, O my God, in this valley of tears,
For refuge and comfort I fly unto thee ;
And when death's awful hour with its terrors appears,
O, merciful Father, have mercy on me !
- 2 When my soul, on the verge of its final release,
By the shadows of death o'erclouded shall be ;
When earthly enjoyments forever shall cease,
Thou, Joy of the Dying, bring mercy to me !
- 3 When my strength shall decline, and my anguish increase,
And my sins beyond number with terror I'll see ;
When I turn to thy mercy for pardon and peace,
Then, Hope of the Sinner, beam brightly on me !
- 4 When, weakened by illness, by terror oppressed,
My pains and my terrors I offer to thee ;
When vainly I seek for some solace or rest,
Then, Strength of the Martyrs, bring comfort to me !
- 5 When my reason shall fail, and my life shall decay,
When the scenes of this world shall vanish and flee,
When sunshine and shower alike pass away,
Then, Light of the Blessed, shine sweetly on me !

6 When heedless of earth and of all that surround me
For pardon and mercy I'll call upon thee ;
When death with its fetters forever has bound me,
Then, Jesus, sweet Jesus, be Jesus to me !

7 When weeping my friends shall with fervor implore
thee,
My strength, my protector, my succor, to be ;
When, helpless and lonely, I tremble before thee
Then, Fountain of Mercy, have mercy on me !

8 *Then*, Lord, the dark chain of my miseries sever !
Then, Rest of the Weary One, call me to thee !
Then, Crown of the Just, be my portion forever !
Then, merciful Father, have mercy on me !

Sweetness in Prayer.

1 WHAT spell is this come over thee ?
My soul, what sweet surprise ?
And wherefore these unbidden tears
That start into mine eyes ?

2 How are my passions laid to sleep !
How easy penance seems !
And how the bright world fades away !
O, are they all but dreams ?

- 3 How great, how good, does God appear !
How dear our holy faith !
How tasteless life's best joys have grown !
How I could welcome death !
- 4 Thy sweetness hath betrayed thee, Lord !
Dear Spirit, it is thou ;
Deeper and deeper in my heart
I feel thy presence now.
- 5 Whence thou hast come I need not ask ;
But, O, most gentle dove !
O, wherefore hast thou lit on one
That so repays thy love ?
- 6 Ah ! that thou mightest stay with me,
Or else that I might die
While heart and soul are still subdued
With thy sweet mastery !
- 7 Thy home is with the humble, Lord !
The simple are thy rest ;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts ;
Thou makest there thy nest.
- 8 Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for thee.

521

P. M.

CRASHAW

Name of Jesus.

1 O! THAT it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles! gave glorious
chase

To persecutions, and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers durst, with brave
And sober pace, march on to meet a grave!
On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee;
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach
thee.

Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And reënthroned thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these
wounds.

522

C. M.

LYRA CATHOLICA.

God and Heaven.

1 THE silver-cord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl in broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
The words funereal spoken;

The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
 Or delved is the grassy clod,
 And what for mourning man is left?
 O, what is left, but God !

- 2 The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
 The flowers they wore are faded ;
 The twilight dun hath veiled the sun,
 And hope's sweet dreamings shaded :
 And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep
 From our heart of hearts are riven ;
 And what is left us when we weep ?
 O, what is left, but heaven !

523

C. M.

FABER.

True Love.

- 1 SEE how our Father trusts himself
 Unto our childish love,
 As though by his free ways with us
 Our earnestness to prove !
- 2 His sacred name a common word
 On earth he loves to hear ;
 There is no majesty in him
 Which love may not come near.
- 3 The light of love is round his feet,
 His paths are never dim ;
 And he comes nigh to us when we
 Dare not come nigh to him.

- 4 His love of us may teach us how
To love him in return ;
Love cannot help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.
- 5 The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold, —
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.
- 6 Most winningly he lowers himself,
That we may dare come near ;
That we may know, in our low place,
The love that casts our fear.
- 7 Poor souls ! who know not how to love ;
Who feel not Jesus near ;
For they who know not how to love
Still less know how to fear.
- 8 The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks, —
It finds no way into the face,
No spoken vent in books.
- 9 They love not, who have never kissed
The Saviour's outer hem :
They fear not ; for the living God
Is yet unknown to them.

524

C. M.

FABER.

The Right must Win.

- 1 O, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Ill masters good ; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease ;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.
- 4 It is not so, but so it looks,
And we lose courage then ;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.
- 5 Workmen of God, O, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 6 O learn to scorn the praise of men !
O learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

Perfection.

- 1 God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road ;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.
- 2 O, utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.
- 3 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above ;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love ?
- 4 How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone !
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.
- 5 Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love him as he loves thee ;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be !

526

C. M.

FABER.

Conversion.

- 1 O FAITH ! thou workest miracles
 Upon the hearts of men,
 Choosing thy home in those same hearts
 We know not how or when.
- 2 To one thy grave unearthly truths
 A heavenly vision seem ;
 While to another's eye they are
 A superstitious dream.
- 3 To one the deepest doctrines look
 So naturally true,
 That when he learns the lesson first
 He hardly thinks it new.
- 4 To other hearts the self-same truths
 No light or heat can bring ;
 They are but puzzling phrases strung
 Like beads upon a string.
- 5 O gift of gifts ! O grace of faith !
 My God ! how can it be
 That thou, who hast discerning love,
 Shouldst give that gift to me ?
- 6 There was a place, there was a time,
 Whether by night or day,
 Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
 And went upon his way.

- 7 How many hearts thou mightst have had,
More innocent than mine !
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine !
- 8 Ah Grace ! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come ;
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 9 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright !
- 10 Thy choice, O God of Goodness ! then,
I lovingly adore ;
O, give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace to merit more !

Lord, Open my Lips.

- 1 THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If thou the Spirit give by which I pray ;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious works thou art the seed
That quickens only where thou say'st it may :
Unless thou show to us thine own true way,
No man can find it : Father, thou must lead.

Do thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
 By which such virtue may in me be bred,
 That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
 The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
 That I may have the power to sing of thee,
 And sound thy praises everlastingly.

528

10s M.

Death.

- 1 WHAT strange, deep secret dost thou hold, O death,
 To hallow those thou claimest for thy own ?
 That which the open book could never teach,
 The closed one whispers. As we stand alone
 By one, how more alone than we ! and strive
 To comprehend the passion of that peace ;
 In vain our thoughts would wind within the heart,
 The heart of this great mystery of release.
 Baptism of death ! which ~~sleepest~~ infant eyes
 In grace of calm that saints might hope to wear ;
 Whose cold touch purifies the guilty brow,
 And sets again the seal of childhood there ;
 Our line of life in vain would sound thy sea, —
 That which we seek to know we soon shall be.

529

10s M.

The Straight Road.

- 1 BEAUTY may be the path to highest good,
 And some successfully have it pursued.

Thou, who wouldst follow, be well warned to see
 That way prove not a curvèd road to thee.
 The straightest path perhaps which may be sought
 Lies through the great highway men call I ought.

530

8s M.

Beauty and Duty.

1 I SLEPT — and dreamed that life was beauty,
 I woke — and found that life was duty.
 Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
 Toil on, sad heart, courageously;
 And thou shalt find thy dream shall be
 A noon-day light and truth to thee,

531

P. M.

The Heart's Cure.

1 "HEART, heart, lie still!
 Life is fleeting fast,
 Strife will soon be past."
 "I cannot lie still,
 Beat strong I will."

2 "Heart, heart, lie still!
 Joy's but joy, and pain's but pain,
 Either, little loss or gain."
 "I cannot lie still,
 Beat strong I will."

3 "Heart, heart, lie still !

Heaven is over all,
Rules this earthly ball."

"I cannot lie still,
Beat strong I will."

4 "Heart, heart, lie still !

Heaven's sweet grace alone
Can keep in peace its own."

"Let that me fill,
And I am still."

532

10s M.

The Beautiful Boy.

1 He played on earth in sunshine for a while,

In pleasant concert with all moving things,
Living a life as pure, as bright, as free,
As birds, or breezes on their airy wings.

2 Now sweet and silent is he fixed within

A niche of time ; — the world of busy care,
From which he passed, doth oftentimes stop and gaze,
That it may freshen its dull senses there.

533

7s M.

The Gate of Heaven.

1 ~~SHE~~ stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them
entering in,

A world-long train of shining ones, all washed in
blood from sin.

- 2 The hero-martyr in that blaze uplifted his strong
eye,
And trod firm the re-conquered soil of his nativ-
ity !
- 3 And he who had despised his life, and laid it down
in pain,
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it up
again.
- 4 The holy one, who had met God in desert cave
alone,
Feared not to stand with brethren around the
Father's throne.
- 5 They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of
light and flame,
Circled with them about as with a glowing halo
came.
- 6 And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for
earth to buy,
Now passéd through the golden gate, to live eter-
nally.
- 7 And when into the glory the last of all did go,
"Thank God ! there is a heaven," she cried, "though
mine is endless woe."
- 8 The angel of the golden gate said, "Where, then,
dost thou dwell ?
And who art thou that enterest not ?" — "A soul
escaped from hell."

- 9 "Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in
hell can never be ;
God's angel could not, if he would, bar up this
door from thee."
- 10 She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly
entered there,
Breathed free the blessed air of heaven, and knew
her native air.

534

10s M:

"It Profiteth Thee Nothing."

- 1 "MY child, cleanse thou thy heart ; this daily life
Of alms and works, how can it profit thee,
Except low down upon the altar burn
The hidden fire of holy charity ?
- 2 "Leave here thy deeds—go seek the inner shrine ;
There watch, and wait, and pray, and tend thy soul
Till comes the grace which gives no outward sign,
Till heaven and earth are bound to its control."
- 3 Father, well know I, I have utmost need
To tend that hidden fire both night and day ;
But who will warm my cold, my hungry feed,
While I retire to weep, and watch, and pray ?
- 4 Father, before the inmost, stillest shrine,
I hear the echo of that piercing cry,
And can no more implore the grace divine,
But turn to serve this poor humanity.

- 5 Father, it may be that my light is small,
But I had rather bear the pains that may
In purgatory my lost soul befall,
Than leave these ones to faint upon their way.
- 6 "My child, I fear me much thou dost postpone
God's great eternity to thy low time ;
But he doth deal with every heart alone,
And will not judge thy error like thy crime."

The Nobly Born.

- 1 Who counts himself as nobly born
Is noble in despite of place,
And honors are but brands to one
Who wears them not with nature's grace.
- 2 The prince may sit with clown or churl,
Nor feel his state disgraced thereby ;
But he who has but small esteem
Husbands that little carefully.
- 3 Then, be thou peasant, be thou peer,
Count it still more thou art thine own ;
Stand on a larger heraldry
Than that of nation or of zone.
- 4 What though not bid to knightly halls ?
Those halls have missed a courtly guest ;
That mansion is not privileged,
Which is not open to the best.

- 5 Give honor due when custom asks,
Nor wrangle for this lesser claim ;
It is not to be destitute,
To have the thing without the name.
- 6 Then dost thou come of gentle blood,
Disgrace not thy good company ; —
If lowly born, so bear thyself
That gentle blood may come of thee.
- 7 Strive not with pain to scale the height
Of some fair garden's petty wall,
But scale the open mountain side,
Whose summit rises over all.

536

10s M.

The Unknown God.

- 1 THOU Gentile Paul, who to the antique world
Declared the God it worshipped as unknown ;
Not yet for us in these, the latter days,
Is that old altar's mystery o'erthrown.
- 2 When our best vision and most loving prayer
Responds not to the lone heart's deepest sigh ;
When in the silence of our souls we feel
That they who see the Lord must surely die ;
We long to wander where thy feet once trod,
And find the altar to the " Unknown God."

537

10s M.

"When my Father and Mother Forsake me."

- 1 We trust an earthly reed, as if it were
Strong and secure to lean upon forever ;
Betrayed by this one breaking, trust again,
And think that this will surely fail us never.
- 2 This gone, we try again ; then, worn and spent,
We let the burden of our being fall
Careless and hopeless, — and where sinks it then ?
Into the arms of Love, which shelters all ;
Which waits, till, their caprice and wanderings o'er,
It welcomes those it fain had sought before.

538

10s M.

JAS. F. CLARKE.

In Spirit and Truth.

- 1 Give me, my God, to feel thee in my joy,
So shall my joy to love ennobled be ;
Give me to feel thee in this slight annoy,
Which turns to hope through that fine alchemy.
- 2 Give me, within the work which calls to-day,
To see thy finger gently beckoning on ;
So struggle grows to freedom, work to play,
And toils begun from thee to thee are done.
- 3 The timely flower from earth's low tree may fall, —
The human wish may in the heart expire ;
But from the blossom God the fruit shall call,
And heavenly love infer from earth's desire.

- 4 I lay each humblest hope within my prayer ;
 To thee no high seraphic aims I bring ;
 My daily bread, rest, strength for common care, —
 Yet all is truth within my offering.
- 5 But God demands both spirit, truth, and faith,
 To fit earth's tones for his immortal clime ;
 And Christ, in his o'ercoming life and death,
 Hath given the fulness of his faith sublime.
- 6 So what remains to sanctify my prayer,
 If I bring truth, and Christ his faith impart ?
 Thou Spirit, born of whom all spirits are,
 With thine essential nature feed my heart.
- 7 Then, God, whose fire forms rubies out of clay,
 And bids dull charcoal into diamonds burn, —
 Add Thou the grace, while in the truth I pray,
 And this poor earth-sob into music turn.

539

10s M.

JAS. F. CLARKE.

New Heavens and New Earth.

- 1 New heavens ! new earth ! where are ye ? Evermore
 Cold skies, hard land, oppress the weary heart ;
 O seer, who gazed from Patmos' island-shore
 Into the future, when shall these depart ?
- 2 Earth, in her circular path among the stars,
 Bears the same burden still of sin and woe ;
 And through an orbit of recurring wars
 The disunited church must falter slow.

- 3 O, for new heavens ! new light our minds to lead,
 New strength from God to nerve the palsied arm,
 New life from Christ to animate our dead,
 New love our souls to enlarge, our hearts to warm !
- 4 Must we forever tread this barren way ?
 Repeat the fruitless round of old routine,
 Where no new dawn proclaims the advancing day,
 No tender spring clothes earth anew with green ?
- 5 Believe we rather in the coming sweet
 Of Christ on earth, the living Christ, to reign —
 When saints, by creeds divided now, shall meet,
 And his one church all churches shall contain.
- 6 The lofty portals of these heavens expand,
 The everlasting doors are lifted high ;
 And troops of angels at the gateway stand,
 To welcome in redeemed humanity.
- 7 How long, dear mother ! holy church, how long !
 From Austrian prison, Alabama's shore,
 The oppressed, with fainting hearts, their cries
 prolong :
 Come, city of our God, nor leave us more !

Closing Aspiration.

- 1 O Thou, by God ordained to lead the race
 In mighty march and grand procession on ;
 King, Prophet, Saviour, — show thy human face,
 And let us know thee as ourselves are known.

- 2 Come, Prophet, teach the world. Thy solid truth
Alone this doubt can cure, can light this gloom,
Make real that unseen world's undying youth,
Which turns to dreams the terrors of the tomb.
- 3 Come, King, and reign o'er those who yearn to prove
Life's task full-matched with their strong souls'
desire ;
Who long for work deserving human love, —
Not to live idly, not unwept expire.
- 4 Come, Saviour ; in our sin and need and pain,
Treading the path where thy dear feet have gone,
Help us through thy full life to live again, —
And be, through thy deep peace, with God at one.
-

541

L. M.

WATTS.

Closing Doxology.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise !
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue !
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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